THE KENDALL FIFTH READER

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THE KENDALL SERIES OF READERS

FIFTH READER

BY

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TO THE TEACHER

KNIGHTHOOD AND CHIVALRY form the central theme which underlies much of the material in the Kendall Fifth Reader.

Such material is of special value to children at this period. They can read it easily. It fits in well with the geography and history of the grade, heightens their interest, and gives them life. It furnishes a helpful background for interpreting literature. And it comes at an age when interest in the ideas of chivalry is strong.

The authors were fortunate enough to secure as an introduction to the Reader "The Children's Song" by Rudyard Kipling. Possibly few poems have had a greater influence upon English-speaking children than Kipling's challenge to the patriotism and knightly ideals of youth.

A large place is given to the story of King Arthur and the Round Table, because it typifies to us in a special manner the period of chivalry. The version used, by Cornelia MacMullan, has been written especially for the Reader.

As a contrast with this knightly tale, yet one with it in spirit, is given the story of the great popular hero Robin Hood and his adventures with his Merry Men in Sherwood Forest.

These two great folk tales of the English nation are a part of the literary heritage which should descend as a matter of course to every American boy and girl.

Another story of chivalry is "Don Quixote," hero of the greatest novel of the greatest of Spanish writers, Cervantes. Only a few of Don Quixote's amusing adventures have been selected, though enough to show his generous and lovable nature, and his quixotic enthusiasms.

In "The Song of Hiawatha," a part of which is given toward the end of the book, Longfellow has pictured the ideal man or "knight" of the American Indians. The poem is valuable also because of its bearing on history work, though mainly for its literary merit.

To these four knightly characters of fiction have been added two others from history—the story of "Alfred the Great, the Good Saxon King" by Charles Dickens, and a section upon Abraham Lincoln.

There is enough other miscellaneous material outside the general theme to round out the book, including tales of history and travel, stories from the Arabian Nights, nonsense rhymes, nature pieces, and modern fiction. There are several anecdotes told by Benjamin Franklin, three of which have never before appeared in any reader. And there is a choice group of poems for memorization under the heading "Poems to Read and Learn Month by Month."

Two original features of the Reader are "Letters Written to Children by Famous Men" and a group of historical narratives called "Famous Stories about Famous Kings."

Teachers are urged to make other stories of knighthood available to the children of the grade—such books as the adventures of Bayard, Siegfried, Roland, and Cid; Eva March Tappan's *When Knights were Bold; With Spurs of Gold* by Green and Kirk; a good prose version of Spenser's *Fairie Queen;* supplementary versions of King Arthur; Howard Pyle's *Merry Adventures of Robin Hood;* and some of the Robin Hood ballads.

A comparison of knighthood and chivalry with the modern ideals of the Boy and Girl Scouts is also recommended.

The Study Helps at the end of the book are for the pupils' use.

Detailed helps for the teacher may be found in the Manual, "Teaching What to Read and How to Read It," which accompanies all the later books of the Kendall series, beginning with the Third Reader.

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FIFTH READER

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

RUDYARD KIPLING

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh, help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefilèd heritage!

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek
By deed or thought to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!

BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD

BEAUMONT

In the days of knight-errantry a British prince set up a statue to the goddess of Victory, at a point where four roads met. In her right hand she held a spear, and her left rested upon a shield. The outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver, and on each side was an inscription.

It happened one day that two knights — one in black armor, the other in white — arrived at the same time, but from opposite directions, at the statue. As neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to examine the beautiful workmanship and read the inscription.

THE KNIGHTS AND THE SHIELD

"This golden shield," said the Black Knight, after examining it for some time, "this golden shield —"

"Golden shield!" cried the White Knight, who was as closely observing the other side; "why, if I have my eyes, it is silver."

"Eyes you have, but they see not," replied the Black Knight; "for if ever I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one."

"Oh yes, it is so likely that any one would expose a golden shield on the public road!" said the White Knight, with a sarcastic smile. "For my part, I wonder that even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for some people who pass this way."

The Black Knight could not bear the smile with which this was spoken, and the dispute grew so warm that it ended in a challenge.

The knights turned their horses, and rode back to have sufficient space; then, fixing their spears in their rests, they charged at each other with the greatest fury. The shock was so violent, and the blows were so heavy, that they both fell to the ground, bleeding and stunned.

In this condition a good Druid who was traveling that way found them. He was a skillful physician, and had with him a balsam of wonderful healing power. This he applied to their wounds, and when the knights had recovered their senses, he began to inquire into the cause of their quarrel.

"Why, this man," cried the Black Knight, "will have it that yonder shield is silver!"

"And he will have it that it is gold!" cried the White Knight.

"Ah," said the Druid, with a sigh, "you are both of you, my brethren, in the right, and both of you in the wrong. If either of you had taken time to look at the opposite side of the shield, as well as that which first met his eye, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided. However, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you. In the future, never enter into any dispute till you have fairly considered both sides of the question."

THE BLIND MAN AND THE MILK

LEO TOLSTOY

A man blind from his birth asked a man who could see, "What is the color of milk?"

The man who could see replied, "The color of milk is like white paper."

The blind man asked, "Does white, then, rustle in the hands like paper?"

The man who could see replied, "No, it is simply white, like a rabbit."

The blind man asked, "Then it is downy and soft, like a rabbit, is it?"

The man who could see replied, "No, white is a color exactly like snow."

The blind man asked, "Then it is cold, like snow, is it?"

And in spite of all the comparisons which the man who could see made, still the blind man was wholly unable to comprehend what the color of milk really was.

THE NAIL

JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM

A merchant had done good business at the fair; he had sold his wares, and filled his bag with gold and silver. Then he set out at once on his journey home.

At noon he rested in a town. When he wanted to go on, the stable boy brought his horse, saying: "A nail is wanting, sir, in the shoe of his left hind foot."

"Let it be wanting," answered the merchant; "the shoe will stay on for the six miles I have still to go. I am in a hurry."

In the afternoon he got down at an inn and had his horse fed. The stable boy came into the room and said to him:

"Sir, a shoe is wanting from your horse's left hind foot. Shall I take him to the blacksmith?"

"Let it go," said the man; "the horse can very well hold out for a couple of miles more. I am in a hurry."

So the merchant rode forth, but before long the horse began to limp. He had not limped long before he began to stumble, and he had not stumbled long before he

fell and broke his leg. The merchant had to leave the horse where he fell and then go home on foot.

"That unlucky nail," said he to himself, "has made all this trouble."

WHANG, THE MILLER

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Did you ever read the story of Whang in our books of Chinese learning? of him who, despising small sums, and grasping at all, lost even what he had?

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious. Nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, "I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate." But if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him. But though these were small, they were certain. While his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires. He only found

himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money underground, having dreamed of it three nights in succession before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," said he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Hunks goes quietly to bed and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh, that I could dream like him! With what pleasure I would dig around the pan! How slyly would I carry it home — not even my wife should see me! And then, oh, the pleasure of thrusting one's hands into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy. He discontinued his former industry, he became quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distress, and indulged him with the wished-for vision.

He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground and covered with a large, flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person — as is

usual in money dreams — in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this, also, were answered. He still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt. So getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug. Digging still deeper, he turned up a house tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to a broad, flat stone, but so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it.

"Here," cried he, in raptures, to himself, "here it is! Under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed! I must go home to my wife and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up."

Away, therefore, he went, and acquainted his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her delight on this occasion may be easily imagined. She flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy. But those raptures did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum. Returning speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found — not indeed the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen.

CLUTCH AND KIND

FRANCES BROWNE

Once upon a time there lived two brothers, whose business it was to keep sheep on a great grassy plain, which was bounded on the one side by a forest, and on the other by a chain of high hills. No one lived on that plain but shepherds, who dwelt in low cottages thatched with heath, and watched their sheep so carefully that no lamb was ever lost; nor had one of the shepherds ever traveled beyond the foot of the hills and the skirts of the forest.

There were none among them more careful than these two brothers, one of whom was called Clutch, and the other Kind. Though brethren born, two men of distant countries could not be more unlike in disposition. Clutch thought of nothing in this world but how to catch and keep some profit for himself, while Kind would have shared his last morsel with a hungry dog.

This covetous mind made Clutch keep all his father's sheep when the old man was dead and gone, because he was the elder brother, allowing Kind nothing but the place of a servant to help him in looking after them. Kind wouldn't quarrel with his brother for the sake of the sheep, so he helped him to keep them, and Clutch had all his own way. This made him agreeable.

For some time the brothers lived peaceably in their father's cottage, which stood low and lonely under the shadow of a great sycamore tree, and kept their flock with pipe and crook on the grassy plain, till new troubles arose through Clutch's covetousness.

On that plain there was neither town, nor city, nor market place, where people might sell or buy, but the shepherds cared little for trade. The wool of their flocks made them clothes; their milk gave them butter and cheese. At feast times every family killed a lamb or so; their fields yielded them wheat for bread. The forest supplied them with firewood for winter; and every midsummer, which is the sheep-shearing time, traders from a certain far-off city came through it by an ancient way to purchase all the wool the shepherds could spare, and gave them in exchange either goods or money.

One midsummer it so happened that these traders praised the wool of Clutch's flock above all they found on the plain, and gave him the highest price for it. That was an unlucky happening for the sheep: from thenceforth Clutch thought he could never get enough

wool off them. At the shearing time nobody clipped so close, and, in spite of all Kind could do or say, he left the poor sheep as bare as if they had been shaven; and as soon as the wool grew long enough to keep them warm, he was ready with the shears again — no matter how chilly might be the days, or how near the winter.

Kind didn't like these doings, and many a debate they caused between him and his brother. Clutch always tried to persuade him that close clipping was good for the sheep, and he always strove to make Clutch think he had got all the wool, — so they were never done with disputes. Still Clutch sold the wool, and stored up his profits, and one midsummer after another passed. The shepherds began to think him a rich man, and close clipping might have become the fashion, but for a strange thing which happened to his flock.

The wool had grown well that summer. Clutch had taken two crops off the sheep and was thinking of a third — though the misty mornings of autumn were come, and the cold evenings made the shepherds put on their winter cloaks, — when first the lambs, and then the ewes, began to stray away; and, search as the brothers would, none of them was ever found again.

Clutch blamed Kind for being careless, and watched with all his might. Kind knew it was not his fault, but he kept a sharper watch than ever. Still the straying went on. The flocks grew smaller every day, and all the brothers could find out was that the closest clipped were the first to go; and, count the flock when

CLUTCH AND KIND

they might, some were sure to be missed at the folding time. Kind grew tired of watching, and Clutch lost his sleep with vexation.

The other shepherds, over whom Clutch had boasted of his wool and his profits, were not sorry to see pride having a fall. Most of them pitied Kind, but all of them agreed that they had marvelous ill-luck, and kept as far from them as they could for fear of sharing it.

Still the flock melted away as the months wore on. Storms and cold weather never stopped them from straying, and when the spring came back nothing remained with Clutch and Kind but three old ewes, the quietest and lamest of their whole flock. They were watching these ewes one evening, when Clutch, who had never kept his eyes off them that day, said:

"Brother, there is wool to be had from their backs."

"It is too little to keep them warm," said Kind. "The east wind still blows sometimes!" but Clutch was off to the cottage for the bag and shears.

Kind was grieved to see his brother so covetous, and to divert his mind he looked up at the great hills; it was a sort of comfort to him, ever since their losses began, to look at them evening and morning. Now their far-off heights were growing crimson with the setting sun; but, as he looked, three creatures like sheep scurried up a cleft in one of them as fleet as any deer: and when Kind turned, he saw his brother coming with the bag and shears, but not a single ewe was to be seen.

Clutch's first question was, what had become of them;

and when Kind told him what he saw, the elder brother scolded him with might and main for ever lifting his eyes off them.

"Much good the hills and the sunset do us," said he, "now that we have not a single sheep. The other shepherds will hardly give us room among them at shearing time or harvest; but for my part, I'll not stay on this plain to be despised for poverty. If you like to come with me, and be guided by my advice, we shall get service somewhere. I have heard my father say that there were great shepherds living in old times beyond the hills; let us go and see if they will take us for sheep boys."

Kind would rather have stayed and tilled his father's wheat field, hard by the cottage; but since his elder brother *would* go, he resolved to bear him company. Accordingly, next morning, Clutch took his bag and shears, Kind took his crook and pipe, and away they went over the plain and up the hills. All who saw them thought that they had lost their senses, for no shepherd had gone there for a hundred years, and nothing was to be seen but wide moorlands, full of rugged rocks, and sloping up, it seemed, to the very sky.

Kind persuaded his brother to take the direction the sheep had taken, but the ground was so rough and steep that after two hours' climbing they would gladly have turned back, if it had not been that their sheep were gone and the shepherds would laugh at them.

By noon they came to the stony cleft, up which the

three old ewes had scurried like deer; both were tired, and sat down to rest. Their feet were sore, and their hearts were heavy; but as they sat there, there came a sound of music down the hills, as if a thousand shepherds had been playing on their tops.

Clutch and Kind had never heard such music before. As they listened, the soreness passed from their feet, and the heaviness from their hearts; and getting up, they followed the sound up the cleft, and over a wide heath, covered with purple bloom; till at sunset, they came to the hilltop, and saw a broad pasture, where violets grew thick among the grass, and thousands of snow-white sheep were feeding, while an old man sat in the midst of them playing on his pipe. He wore a long coat, the color of the holly leaves; his hair hung to his waist, and his beard to his knees; but both were as white as snow, and he had the countenance of one who had led a quiet life, and known no cares nor losses.

"Good father," said Kind, for his elder brother hung back and was afraid, "tell us what land is this, and where we can find service, for my brother and I are shepherds, and can well keep flocks from straying, though we have lost our own."

"These are the hill pastures," said the old man, "and I am the ancient shepherd. My flocks never stray, but I have employment for you. Which of you can shear best?"

"Good father," said Clutch, taking courage, "I am the closest shearer in all the plain country: you would

not find as much wool as would make a thread on a sheep when I have done with it."

"You are the man for my business," replied the old shepherd. "When the moon rises, I will call the flock you have to shear. Till then sit down and rest, and take your supper out of my wallet."

Clutch and Kind gladly sat down by him among the violets, and opening a leathern bag which hung by his side the old man gave them cakes and cheese, and a horn cup to drink from a stream hard by. The brothers felt fit for any work after that meal; and Clutch rejoiced in his own mind at the chance he had got of showing his skill with the shears.

"Kind will see how useful it is to cut close," he thought to himself: but they sat with the old man, telling him news of the plain, till the sun went down and the moon rose, and all the snow-white sheep gathered and laid themselves down behind them. Then he took his pipe and played a merry tune, when immediately there was heard a great howling, and up the hills came a troop of shaggy wolves, with hair so long that their eyes could scarcely be seen. Clutch would have fled for fear, but the wolves stopped and the old man said to him:

"Rise, and shear — this flock of mine have too much wool on them."

Clutch had never shorn wolves before; yet he couldn't think of losing the good service, and went forward with a stout heart. But the first of the wolves showed its

teeth, and all the rest raised such a howl the moment he came near them, that Clutch was glad to throw down his shears, and run behind the old man for safety.

"Good father," cried he, "I will shear sheep, but not wolves!"

"They must be shorn," said the old man, "or you go back to the plains, and they after you; but whichever of you can shear them will get the whole flock."

On hearing this, Clutch began to exclaim on his hard fortune, and his brother who had brought him there to be hunted and devoured by wolves; but Kind, thinking that things could be no worse, caught up the shears Clutch had thrown away in his fright, and went boldly up to the nearest wolf. To his great surprise the wild creature seemed to know him, and stood quietly to be shorn, while the rest of the flock gathered round as if waiting their turn.

Kind clipped neatly, but not too close, as he had wished his brother to do with the sheep, and heaped up the hair on one side. When he had done with one, another came forward, and Kind went on shearing by the bright moonlight till the whole flock were shorn. Then the old man said:

"You have done well; take the wool and the flock for your wages, return with them to the plain, and if you please, take this little-worth brother of yours for a boy to keep them."

Kind did not much like keeping wolves, but before he could make answer, they had all changed into the

very sheep which had strayed away so strangely. All of them had grown fatter and thicker of fleece, and the hair he had cut off lay by his side, a heap of wool so fine and soft that its like had never been seen on the plain.

Clutch gathered it up in his empty bag, and glad was he to go back to the plain with his brother; for the old man sent them away with their flock, saying that no man must see the dawn of day on the hill pasture but himself, for it was the ground of the fairies. So Clutch and Kind went home with great gladness.

All the shepherds came to hear their wonderful story, and ever after liked to keep near them because they had such good luck. They keep the sheep together till this day, but Clutch has grown less greedy, and Kind alone uses the shears.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,

And goldenrod is dying fast,
  And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
  To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
  Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
  In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
  Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
  Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
  Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks
  In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
  Of woods for winter waiting;

While comrades seek sweet country haunts,
  By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
  October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
  Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
  October's bright blue weather.

THE PAPER MAKERS

FLOYD BRALLIAR

We should hardly know how to get along if all paper were taken from us. Yet men have known for only a few hundred years how to make such paper as we use, while it has been for a period shorter than one man's lifetime that they have known how to make it so cheaply that it could be used as freely as it is at the present time.

One family of little people of the great out-of-doors have, however, built houses of paper of the best quality for some thousands of years, and they manufactured it themselves! All members of this family are not equally skilled in making paper, but the ones I mean to tell you about are real experts, whom we have always called "bald-faced hornets."

When a boy, I think I feared a bald-faced hornet more than any other of my insect neighbors, and never dared to go to war with him and his army. I did not learn till I was almost grown up that even he is our friend, and that he never attacks us unless he feels that he is doing it in self-defense. He has a powerful spear, it is true, and is the most expert of all his tribe in using it. But it was given him to use in hunting, for he is a great hunter, and kills and eats several times his own weight in game every day. The best part of it all is that one of our worst enemies is his favorite game — the common house fly.

One early spring morning a bald-faced hornet, who was looking for a proper place in which to build her nest, selected a spot on the lintel of a neighbor's front porch. No one had any idea what made her choose this particular spot, for there were hundreds of likely places all over Mr. Stalker's farm, which, to human eyes, looked better suited for a hornet's nest than the particular place selected. For some reason the hornet chose a spot so located that no one could enter or go out of Mr. Stalker's front door without walking directly under it.

In some way known only to herself, she had made a sort of glue which she spread over the place chosen; this was intended to secure the prospective nest fast to the wood. The hold had to be so firm, in this case, as to sustain a weight of fifty pounds or more, for the nest grew to enormous size. As there was no limb or other support to which the side of the nest could be fastened, it had to hang suspended from the bottom side of a flat board lintel. On this spot of glue was built a solid paper cable, not more than a half inch long, and little larger through than a toothpick.

In making the paper, the hornet would go back and forth to an old rail fence, or sometimes to a dead limb of a tree, and there gather fine lint. I do not know just how she did it, and I doubt if any one else knows all about how it was done, but she chewed this lint and mixed something with it that made it into flake paper, which was built into her nest, and then she went back

for more. Where very good paper is needed, the flake is dried and then chewed again, sometimes two or three times, before it is used. The lower end of the paper cable she widened into a hollow paper ball, with just one hole at the bottom to serve as a door. The paper

cable was extended through the roof of the ball, and on it was built a saucer-shaped comb, made up of cells about the size of the cells in a comb of honey. A roof of paper covered the top of these cells, and the cells all opened downward.

The hornet's first comb was not over an inch in diameter, and the entire nest was no larger than a hen's egg, but it was quite a task for one lone hornet to accomplish. As she finished it in only a few days, she must have been busy every minute of the time it was

light enough to see. As soon as the comb was finished, and an egg laid in every cell, she began to look after her family duties.

Since this hornet does not store up honey or other food, she has by hard labor to gather enough for herself and family every day. She kills and eats flies, and sometimes feeds her babies on their juices. She also sips fruit juices, sugar from watermelons, cane pomace from sorghum mills, and will even carry away bread crumbs from tables if she can get into a house. I was never able to learn which of these foods were fed to the young. Hornets are too nervous to allow a very close observation to be made of what is going on in their home. Besides, as they have only one small door and no windows, it is pretty dark in there.

I have stood within two feet of a nest and watched what was going on until I was tired of watching, but I never dared to touch the nest, much less cut open the side to see within. In justice to hornets, I ought to say that, while they are very fond of fruit juices, I have never known one to break the skin of even the tenderest fruit in order to get at the juice. They feed only on fruits that have been injured in some way.

It was surprising how soon there were a dozen hornets in our neighbor's nest, all children of the mother who had built it, all workers who did not lay eggs. Every one was busy from daylight till dark, gathering lint, making paper, and enlarging the nest. One cannot watch hornets at work without being charmed by

their ingenuity. The nest that at first had been only the size of an egg soon grew to be as large as a cocoanut, but there was never an hour when a sudden shower of rain would not have found every wall intact, so that all the hornets would have been dry inside their home.

In enlarging the nest the paper cable was lengthened, so as to support more and larger combs, one beneath the other. In these were hundreds of newly laid eggs, youngsters of all sizes, and fully developed hornets, gnawing a way through the wall of paper cells to freedom and a place to live and labor with grown-up folk. Every day through the long summer this growth and labor went on, until when frost came the nest had become the largest paper hornet's nest I have ever seen. It was fully eighteen inches in diameter and four feet long. I think there must have been as many hornets in this stronghold as there are honeybees in a strong colony in a beekeeper's yard.

When the first workers were hatched and strong enough to go afield, they allowed their mother to stay at home, while they not only attended to all of the heavy work of the household, but even brought her food. This was a good thing to do, for, as the nest grew in size, it became quite enough for one hornet to do to lay the eggs required to keep thousands of cells full of young. By the middle of the summer she was laying hundreds of eggs in a single day. She had now laid a few eggs that would hatch into queens, and more that would make males, but most of the eggs still

hatched workers. By fall there were perhaps a dozen or two queens in that large nest, living together as peacefully as could be. Just before cold weather set in, all these queens would leave the nest and crawl into some dry place and go to sleep till spring. Then each would choose a new location and there start a nest.

You have no doubt wondered whether these hornets drove Mr. Stalker's family from their house, as the neighbors warned him they would do if he did not destroy their nest. He determined not to destroy it, but to treat the hornets well and take his chances as to the outcome. He allowed no one to quarrel with the hornets. I ate dinner at his table when a dozen might be seen flying over it at one time. All the neighbors' dining rooms were scourged with flies that summer, but it was neither wise nor necessary to use a fly brush in his. The hornets caught every fly that dared to come near the table. Visitors were greatly entertained watching how quickly a hornet could catch a fly, bite off both its wings, gather it up, and carry it away. I have never seen a hornet eat a fly. He always takes it away before eating it.

No one in this household ever dodged or struck at a hornet when it came near, and no one was stung during the entire summer. Yet I know of no one, among human beings or little people of the great out-of-doors, who is more suspicious and excitable than are bald-faced hornets. They always have guards stationed about their doors looking for trouble. And I long ago learned that

when any one is looking for trouble he is almost sure to find it. Whenever a stranger comes near a bald-faced hornet's nest some of these guards become greatly excited. Thinking he means to cause them trouble, they attack him. A man may never suspect that he is near a hornet's nest till he is stung. For this reason men usually hate hornets and destroy their nests in some way as soon as they are found. Hornets have been largely driven out of thickly settled places into brush regions, and are rapidly disappearing, just because they are always looking for trouble.

That they are not bad at heart was proved by the fact that the thousands of hornets that lived on Mr. Stalker's porch, where they saw men every day of their lives and so felt acquainted with them, never made any trouble. Many people who are good at heart allow their suspicions and their rashness to get them into trouble with all who know them. It pays to keep a cool head and never to believe evil of any one until he has clearly proved that he merits it.

THE SONG OF THE BEE

MARIAN DOUGLAS

Buzz! buzz! buzz!
  This is the song of the bee.
His legs are of yellow;
A jolly, good fellow,
  And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax:
On pinks and on lilies,
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms,
He levies a tax!

Buzz! buzz! buzz!
From morning's first light
Till the coming of night,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do!

THE LADYBIRD AND THE ANT

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY

The ladybird sat in the rose's heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plainly dressed ant go by
With a heavy grain of corn.

So she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her mirror a drop of dew,
That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud that the ant looked up,
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but traveled on
At the same industrious pace.

But a sudden blast of autumn came
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the ladybird went,
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amazed,
For she knew not where to go,
And rough November's early blast
Had brought with it rain and snow.

Her wings were chilled and her feet were cold,
And she wished for the ant's warm cell —
And what she did in the wintry storm,
I am sure I cannot tell.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MEADOW

JULIA MACNAIR WRIGHT

When I was a little girl, I caught a grasshopper and put him into a bottle. Then I sat down outside the bottle, and looked at the grasshopper. He sat inside the bottle, and looked at me.

It began to grow upon my mind that the grasshopper looked much like an old man. His face, with the big, solemn eyes and straight mouth, was like an old man's

face. He wore a gray coat, like a loose duster. He had a wrinkled greenish vest. He wore knee breeches and long red stockings.

The more I looked at him, the more he looked like a little, grave, old-time man. But I thought my grasshopper in the bottle felt like a prisoner. I said, "Now you may go, my Old Man of the Meadow."

I took the cork out of the bottle. The grasshopper at once leaped up, and sat on the rim of the bottle. Then a strange thing happened. The Old Man of the Meadow spread out two wide brown wings. They had a broad, lemon-colored band on them. They were gay as the wings of a butterfly. On them he sailed away.

I could hardly believe my eyes. I ran after him to a tall stalk of goldenrod. There he sat, a plain, gray-green old man. But again he spread out the wide wings, and was gone. My Old Man of the Meadow had then this splendid dress coat under his sober overcoat. Seated at rest, he looked plain and quiet, — a creature of the earth. Lifted into the air, he was nearly as fine as a butterfly.

This Old Man of the Meadow, the grasshopper, lives much in the grass, and his chief motion is in hops, or long jumps. He has another name, "the murmurer," which is given him because of the noise or song he makes. His song is loud and shrill. It is made by rubbing his wings one upon the other.

He has a little piece of skin like a tight drumhead set in each wing. As he moves his wings, this tiny

drum vibrates, or trembles, and makes the shrill sound. Mrs. Grasshopper does not have this drum in her wings.

Let us take a closer look at the grasshopper. As he is an insect, he should have a body made in rings, in three parts, with four wings and six legs set on the second, or chest part.

His front pair of legs is shorter than the others. This hinders him in walking over a level surface. But it helps him in walking up a tree or small plant, or a wall. See the hind legs! They are more than twice as long as the others. The thigh, or upper part, is very long and strong. By means of these big legs the grasshopper is a famous jumper.

Now, if you have a grasshopper to look at, you will see that the feet have four parts. The part of the leg between the foot and the thigh has sharp points like the teeth of a comb. The hind part of the body is long and slender, and, being made of rings, can bend easily. In the great, green grasshopper all the body is of a fine green tint.

Let us look at the wings. The upper pair, or wing-covers, are large and long. Notice two things about the wings: they lap at the tips, and are high in the middle. When they are shut, they have a shape like a slanting roof. The upper ones are longer than the lower ones.

These wing-cases have large veins. Lift up a wing-case and pull out a lower wing. It is folded very closely, in lengthwise plaits. Where these wings join Mr. Grasshopper's body, you will find his drum plate for making music. One kind of grasshopper has very short wing-covers. In that kind, both Mr. and Mrs. Grasshopper make music. There is also one grasshopper, a little green fellow, that has no drum, and is silent.

The upper side of the grasshopper's chest is shaped like a great horny collar. The head is large, and has two big, glossy eyes. There is also a knob on the forehead. Between the eyes are set the feelers. They are very long, even longer than all the body. The mouth of the grasshopper is wide, and it has strong jaws. But they are not so strong as those of his cousin, the cricket.

Grasshoppers prefer vegetable food. They will sometimes eat animal food. When two are shut up in a box, they will fight, and the one which is killed will be eaten by the victor.

If you could look inside the grasshopper's body, you would see that he has a gizzard much like that of a chicken. It is made of little bands set with fine teeth.

These teeth chew up into a pulp the leaves which the grasshopper has eaten. After he has eaten for a long time, he sits quite still. He looks as if he were thinking. Sometimes, when he sits in this way, he moves his mouth as if chewing. From this action, people used to think that he chewed a cud, as cows do.

But he does not chew the cud. If you watch him well in these silent times, you will see him gravely licking his long feelers and his lips. He seems to be cleaning them. To do this, he runs out a long, limber tongue, shaped much like yours. Ants also have this habit of cleaning and dressing themselves after eating.

The color in the grasshopper is not laid on the surface of his coat, as on that of the the beetle. It is not put on in plumes and scales, as the butterfly has it. But it is dyed through and through the wings and body.

THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT

EDWARD LEAR

On the top of the Crumpetty Tree
  The Quangle Wangle sat,
But his face you could not see,
  On account of his Beaver Hat.
For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
  Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

The Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"Jam, and jelly, and bread
Are the best of food for me!
But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree,
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way
And that life on the whole is far from gay!"
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree
Mr. and Mrs. Canary;
And they said, "Did ever you see
Any spot so charmingly airy?
May we build a nest on your lovely Hat?
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Oh, please let us come and build a nest
Of whatever material suits you best,
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree
Came the Stork, the Duck, and the Owl;
The Snail and the Bumble-Bee,
The Frog and the Fimble Fowl
(The Fimble Fowl, with a corkscrew leg);
And all of them said, "We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely Hat, —
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And the Golden Grouse came there,
And the Pobble who has no toes,

And the small Olympian bear,
  And the Dong with a luminous nose.
And the Blue Baboon who played the flute,
And the Orient Calf from the Land of Tute,
And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky Bat, —
All came and built on the lovely Hat
  Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

And the Quangle Wangle said
  To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"When all these creatures move
  What a wonderful noise there'll be!"
And at night by the light of the Mulberry Moon
They danced to the Flute of the Blue Baboon,
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree,
And all were as happy as happy could be,
  With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

THE PROUD VEGETABLES

MARY McNEIL FENOLLOSA

In a funny little garden not much bigger than a mat,
There lived a thriving family, its members all were fat;
But some were short and some were tall, and some were almost round,
And some ran high on bamboo poles, and some lay on the ground.

Of these old Father Pumpkin was, perhaps, the proudest one.
He claimed to trace his family vine directly from the sun.

"We both are round and yellow, we both are bright," said he,
"A stronger family likeness one could scarcely wish to see."

Old Mrs. Squash hung on the fence; she had a crooked neck,
Perhaps 'twas hanging made it so, — her nerves were quite a wreck.
Near by, upon a planted row of faggots, dry and lean,
The young cucumbers climbed to swing their Indian clubs of green.

A big white daikon hid in earth beneath his leafy crest;
And mole-like sweet potatoes crept around his quiet nest.
Above were growing pearly peas, and beans of many kinds
With pods like tiny castanets to mock the summer winds.

There, in a spot that feels the sun, the swarthy eggplant weaves
Great webs of frosted tapestry and hangs them out for leaves.
Its funny azure blossoms give a merry shriveled wink,
And lifting up the leaves display great drops of purple ink.

Now, life went on in harmony and pleasing indolence
Till Mrs. Squash had vertigo and tumbled off the fence;
But not to earth she fell! alas, — but down, with all her force,
Upon old Father Pumpkin's head, and cracked his skull, of course.

At this a fearful din arose. The pods began to split,
Cucumbers turned a sickly hue, the daikon had a fit,

The sweet potatoes rent the ground, — the eggplant dropped
his loom,
While every polished berry seemed to gain an added gloom.

And, worst of all, there came a man, who once had planted
them.
He dug that little family up by root and leaf and stem,
He piled them high in baskets, in a most unfeeling way —
All this was told me by the cook, — we ate the last to-day.

A THANKSGIVING FABLE

OLIVER HERFORD

It was a hungry pussy cat
Upon Thanksgiving morn,
And she watched a thankful little mouse
That ate an ear of corn.

"If I eat that thankful little mouse,
How thankful he should be,
When he has made a meal himself,
To make a meal for me.

"Then with his thanks for having fed
And his thanks for feeding me —
With all his thankfulness inside —
How thankful *I* shall be."

Thus "mewsed" the hungry pussy cat,
Upon Thanksgiving Day.
But the little mouse had overheard,
And declined (with thanks) to stay.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN

How Robin Became an Outlaw

In merry England, when good King Henry the Second was king, there lived in Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham Town, a famous outlaw whose name was Robin Hood.

When a boy, Robin had lived in a castle with his father, the Earl of Huntingdon; but on the Earl's death, he had been robbed of his lands by the Abbot of Ramsey, and had taken refuge in the cottage of one of his father's foresters who lived at Gamwell.

Now the Abbot, knowing that he was in danger of losing his lands so long as the rightful owner lived, determined to do all that he could to keep possession of them.

Not knowing what course to take, he rode out to visit his friend, the Sheriff of Nottingham, and to ask his advice. He arrived at Nottingham Castle, and was soon closeted with the Sheriff, to whom he told his tale.

"If this news reaches the King's ears, you are likely to find yourself the poorer, my Lord," said the Sheriff at length.

"You are right," returned the Abbot. "But how can we prevent such an occurrence?"

"This lad, Robin Hood, dwells with Gilbert, the forester, thou sayest?"

The Abbot nodded.

One of Robin Hood's Men

"Well, I'll be bound he has slain many a fine buck, and thou knowest the punishment for such an offense against the Forest Laws. I will draw up a warrant for his arrest, on the charge of killing the King's deer. My soldiers shall take him prisoner, and then thou art safe, my Lord."

"A happy plan!" cried the Abbot. "I thank thee, Baron, and I will see that thou art no loser for this proof of thy friendship." And the Sheriff and the Abbot sat long, discussing the details of the intended capture.

But Robin Hood had many friends in Nottingham Town, and so it was not long before he knew of the warrant against him, and of the preparations which the Sheriff was making for his capture.

One morning the Sheriff rose early and, with ten of his followers, rode out of Nottingham and at a quick pace traveled to the cottage of Gilbert the forester where Robin Hood had taken refuge.

"Whom seek ye?" demanded the forester.

"Robin Hood who is charged with killing the King's deer," answered the Sheriff. "Robin, you must come to Nottingham with me to await your trial."

"I have killed no deer, and that thou knowest," said Robin.

"What! Would you threaten me? Here, seize him!" shouted the Sheriff.

Seeing that it was useless to resist, Robin allowed the soldiers to take him. But as the party was nearing Nottingham, suddenly an arrow whizzed past the

Sheriff, causing him to bring his horse to a standstill. Then on all sides there stepped from behind the trees the men of Gamwell, with their bows freely extended, their arrows pointing at the Normans. The Sheriff, who never had a great love for fighting, saw that the bowmen far outnumbered his soldiers; so he at once set spurs to his horse, and galloped towards the town. The Saxons, with a shout, sprang forward with their quarter-staffs, for it had been arranged that no blood should be shed unless of necessity; and in a very short time the Norman soldiers were following their master at full speed, leaving Robin Hood a free man once more amongst his friends.

There was much shaking of hands, and amid shout and laughter the party retraced their steps to Gamwell, where a great feast was soon placed before the hungry men.

For some days all was well. Then a message was received from Nottingham, stating that the Sheriff knew who had been his assailants, and that he had sent a false report of what had occurred to the King. On the eighth day, another messenger came with sad news. The King had outlawed Robin Hood and the men who had rescued him; the Sheriff had received strong reenforcements, and he intended to set out very shortly to pursue and destroy them all.

Then said Robin Hood, "My friends, I am more sorry than I can tell at the calamity which has come upon you through acting on my behalf. But in the midst of

our grief, we may take some comfort from the thought that what we have done has been done in the cause of right and justice. We have now two courses open to us. Those who are so minded may readily escape to a place of safety; but if any are bent, as I am, on maintaining their right to these fields and woods, the Forest of Sherwood is large enough, its hiding-places are many, and there, with soft turf for a pillow, and green leaves for a roof, a home awaits us."

Shouts of approval greeted these words, and then Robin continued: "It is best that you should not say at once what you will do. Let us, for this night, find such resting places as we can, and in the morning we will meet here again and come to a final decision."

The brave yeomen then separated, and a watch was set to guard against a return of the Normans. They lay down under the trees, and, tired with the exertions of the day, were soon soundly sleeping.

Next morning one of their number shot a deer, which was roasted over a large fire, and they ate a hearty breakfast, after which they once more gathered on the village green.

Again Robin Hood spoke. "My friends," he said, "I do not need to tell you why we are met. If any are resolved to make their home in the greenwood, I am ready and willing to share their hardships and their joys. Let those who have so decided come aside."

At once every man stepped forward. Then a mighty shout rose from every throat.

"To the forest! To the forest!" cried many voices.

When the cheers had died away, out spoke one of the foremost of the villagers. "Friends," said he, "as we are determined to live in the forest, we must all act and work together for the good of each other. If we do not, we shall be no safer there than we are here. But to live thus, with comfort and satisfaction to all, we must have a leader; one who will act for the general good, and whose word must be law. Robin Hood is the rightful heir to the Earldom of Huntingdon. He is, therefore, of higher birth than we are, his bravery has been proved, and though he is young, he is a better archer than any of us. Besides this, his knowledge of the forest is greater than ours, and I think we should acknowledge him as our leader."

"Robin Hood forever!" shouted the men, whilst two or three hoisted the young leader on to their shoulders. Then, after he had thanked them, Robin said:

"Yonder lies the forest, our future home. There is not an inch of it, within fourteen miles, that I do not know. Let us have a last look around to see if anything has been left, and then I will show you a spot where I think we can dwell in safety."

After quickly gathering together the few articles which would be useful to them, the band, under the guidance of their leader, plunged into the depths of Sherwood Forest.

For some five miles they went along, until Robin stopped before a dense thicket. Pushing aside the

bushes, they discovered the opening to a cave, which proved to be dry, warm, and airy, and capable of holding double their number. It would be an easy matter to admit more light, and glad indeed were the villagers to find such a comfortable dwelling so securely hidden.

Thus it was that Robin Hood and his merry men became outlaws, and made their home in the greenwood.

Robin Hood and Little John

Some years had elapsed since these events took place. The outlaws had become quite at home in their forest quarters, for the cave had been made exceedingly comfortable, and was now as well furnished as many a mansion. A code of laws had been drawn up and agreed upon, and their hiding-place was unknown to any outside the band.

Some little distance from their dwelling was a large glade, the meeting-place of the outlaws, and there, under the shade of a spreading oak, Robin Hood administered justice, and divided the spoil which fell into their hands.

Signals, generally blasts blown upon a horn, were arranged, so that any one of the band might, if he wished it, at any time receive help from his comrades.

For food they hunted at will in the forest, and many a rich Norman was compelled to add to their store of wealth.

They never robbed the poor, but instead they helped them by all the means in their power: women were

free to pass through the forest without fear of being molested. Their spare time was spent in practicing archery and the quarter-staff, and in the playing of manly games.

For several years they lived thus, until the Lincoln-green doublets, in which they had dressed themselves, were well-known for miles around.

Many times the Sheriff sent his soldiers against them, but their skill in the use of the bow, and their knowledge of the forest, made the outlaws more than a match for twice their number of Normans. Led by Robin Hood, they caused such loss to their foes, that the Sheriff gave up his task in despair, and for some time the foresters were left in peace.

But as Robin's following decreased in numbers, in consequence of these attacks, or by other misadventures, it was necessary, for the safety of all, that others should take the places of those who were gone, and so keep up the strength of the band; and we must now relate how Robin enlisted those who afterwards became, next to their leader, the most famous amongst the outlaws.

For a fortnight or more, the life of the foresters in the merry greenwood had been quiet; no adventure had been met with during that time, and Robin Hood was getting a little weary of inactivity. So one day, taking with him a few of his men, he set out in the hope of finding some sport for them.

On they went through the forest, until they came near a small brook, across which was stretched the

trunk of a tree to serve as a bridge. Looking ahead, the outlaws saw, in the distance, the figure of a man walking swiftly towards them.

Robin Hood turned to his men, and bidding them wait in the grove where they were until they should hear his horn, he went on alone.

The stranger proved to be a young man, nearly seven feet in height, and his long arms and broad chest promised great strength. On he came, swinging his quarter-staff, until he and Robin met in the middle of the bridge. The path was too narrow to allow them to pass each other, and neither would give way.

"Out of my way, fellow!" said the big man.

"Not so!" said Robin. "It is you who must give way to me," and quickly he drew an arrow from his quiver.

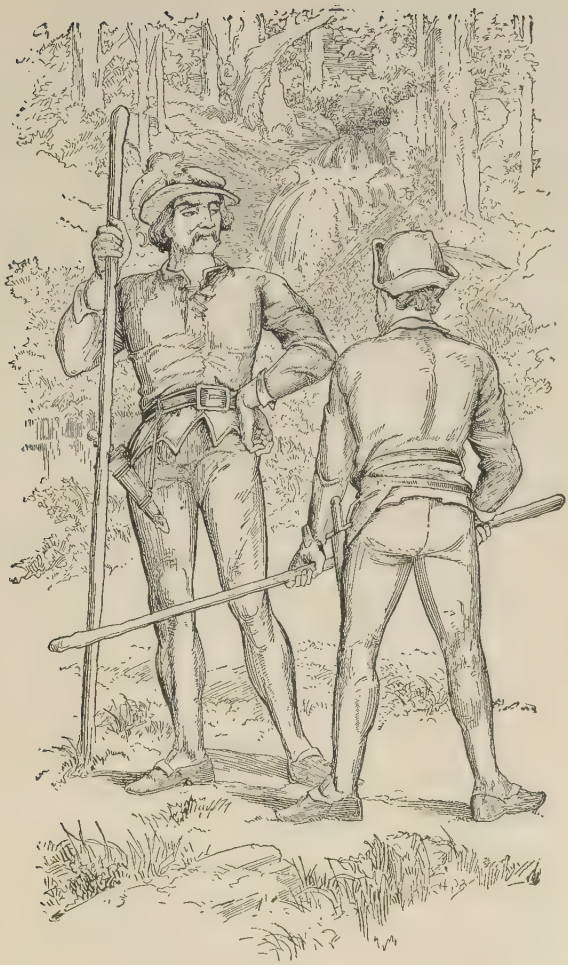
"I will beat the breath out of you if you dare to touch the string," roared the stranger.

"You talk like a fool," replied Robin. "I could send an arrow through your heart before you could strike me a single blow."

"And you talk like a coward," said the other. "There you stand with an arrow ready to shoot at my breast, while I have but a simple staff with which to defend myself."

"I scorn the name of a coward," cried bold Robin. "I will lay aside my bow, and get myself a staff, and then we shall see who is the better man."

So saying, Robin ran to a thicket near at hand,



ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

quickly cut for himself a good oak staff, and again took his place on the bridge.

"See," he cried, "I have now a strong oak staff. We will play on this bridge, and if one of us falls into the stream the other shall win the battle; and now we'll fall to."

"With all my heart," answered the stranger.

Each was well skilled in the use of the quarter-staff, and the contest began in good earnest. Long they fought equally, dealing blows with either end of the weapon in quick succession, until it seemed as if both must fall into the stream. But the stranger losing his guard for a moment, Robin gave him a blow which made his bones ring.

"You must be paid for that," said the big man. "I scorn, friend, to die in your debt, so long as I can handle a staff," and at it they went again.

But now the stranger fought only on the defensive. Keeping his hands about a yard apart, he covered himself by shifting his weapon with marvelous quickness to receive his opponent's blows. Suddenly he darted his staff at Robin's face with his left hand, and, as the latter tried to parry the thrust, slid his right hand down to his left, and with a full swing of his staff caught Robin on the crown and sent him headlong into the water.

"Where are you now, my fine fellow?" said the conqueror, with a scornful laugh.

"In the stream," replied Robin, "and like a sensible

man, will float along with it. You are a brave soul; you have won the day, and our combat is at an end."

So saying, Robin reached the bank, and by the aid of a thorn bush drew himself out of the water. He then put his horn to his lips, and blew a loud blast, which brought his stout bowmen out of their hiding-place. Quickly they ran to the spot, and would have had revenge on the conqueror, but Robin stopped them with his hand.

"Nay," said he, "he is a brave fellow, and shall not be hurt." Then, turning to the stranger, he said, "Be not afraid, friend. My name is Robin Hood, and these are some of my followers. I have three score and nine of them, all clad in Lincoln green, and leading a merry life. If you will join us, you shall have a livery, and become one of our band."

"Here is my hand," cried the stranger. "I will serve you with all my heart. My name is John Little, and you need not fear but that I shall play my part like a man."

"His name must be altered," said Will Stutely, one of Robin's followers. "Let us return and prepare a feast, and I myself will do the christening."

So the outlaws set off for their trysting-place, where they held a feast in honor of the newcomer, whose name, because of his great size, was changed to *Little John*.

Thus Robin Hood enlisted the man who became his second in command, and who was his faithful friend and companion to the end of his life.

Robin Hood and Friar Tuck

It was summer time. The leaves were green, and the flowers fresh and gay in Sherwood. Robin Hood and his merry men were enjoying themselves — playing games, leaping, running, wrestling, and shooting with their bows and arrows.

"Which of you can draw a good bow?" cried Robin. "Who is the skillful archer who can kill a buck at a distance of five hundred feet?"

At once several of the foresters commenced a trial of skill. Will Stutely and Much the Miller's son, two of the foremost of the band, both shot well, but Little John was the only one who succeeded in killing a deer as far away as five hundred feet.

"My blessing on thee," exclaimed Robin, "for sending such a shot. I would ride a hundred miles, could I find a match for thee."

On this, Will Stutely burst out into a hearty laugh. "In Fountains Abbey," quoth he, "there lives a curtal friar, who will beat both him and thee."

"If that be so," cried bold Robin Hood, "I vow I will not rest until I meet him." At once he got his best bow and arrows, and, taking also a good sword and buckler, he mounted his horse, and set off for Fountains Abbey with several of his band.

Arriving in the beautiful dale in which the Abbey lies, Robin went forward alone, and found the friar walking along the side of the stream. He dismounted,

tied his horse to a tree, and walked up to the man, who was armed with sword and shield.

"Carry me over this water, thou curtal friar, or else thy life is forfeit!" cried Robin.

The friar said never a word, but, taking Robin on his back, he waded into the narrow stream and placed him safely on the opposite side.

Then, turning to him, the friar said, "Carry me over this water, thou fine fellow, or it shall breed thee pain." So Robin took the friar on his back without a word, and waded through the current. Having landed the friar safely on the other side of the stream, Robin said again, "Carry me over this water, thou curtal friar, or else it shall breed *thee* pain."

Once more the friar took Robin on his back, and said no word until they reached the middle of the stream, where, with a sudden jerk, he threw his burden into the water. "Now, my fine fellow," he cried with a laugh, "choose thee if thou wilt sink or swim!"

Robin and the friar both quickly gained the bank, and as soon as they were on the dry land the fight began. At first Robin shot his arrows, but the friar caught them on his shield, so they took to their swords.

From ten o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon they fought, and both were such excellent swordsmen that neither the one nor the other could get in a blow at his opponent.

At length Robin went down on his knee and begged a boon of the friar. "A boon, thou curtal friar," he

exclaimed; "give me leave to blow three blasts on my horn."

"That I will do," said the friar, "I am not afraid of thee or thy blasts."

So Robin set his horn to his lips and blew three blasts, and fifty yeomen in Lincoln green came running towards them.

"Who are these?" cried the friar.

"They are my merry men," said Robin.

"Grant me a boon," said the friar; "give me leave to whistle three times."

"I will do that," replied Robin.

The friar whistled three times, and fifty fine, powerful dogs came running up.

"Here is a dog for every man," cried the friar, "and I am myself for thee."

"Call off thy dogs," said the biggest of the bowmen, when they reached the spot.

"Who art thou, that art come here to prate to me?" asked the friar.

"I am Little John, Robin Hood's man," was the answer, "and if thy dogs be not called off, they are likely to be hurt."

But the friar urged his dogs on to the attack. They sprang at the archers, and it is said they caught the arrows in their mouths. However, when half a score of the animals were shot dead, the friar cried, "Hold! your master and I will come to terms."

"We are in need of thee in the greenwood," said

Robin, "and if thou wilt forsake fair Fountains Dale and go to Nottingham to dwell with me, I will give thee a new livery and a noble every week for thy wages."

To this the friar readily agreed, for although he had been at Fountains Abbey for more than seven years, neither knight, nor lord, nor earl had been able to make him yield before.

So back he went with the outlaws, and made one of the band, afterwards becoming famous in song and ballad as the "jovial friar," — "the jolly Friar Tuck."

Robin Hood and Will Scarlet

One fine morning, a number of the outlaws were sitting a short distance away from the cave, trimming their arrows and making new ones, when Robin Hood suddenly asked, "What time of the day is it?"

"It is quickly getting near noon," replied Little John.

"Well, then, I will walk into the woods, for we have not yet made provision for dinner," said his master.

So, giving orders to some of his men to prepare a fire to cook a deer, and to others to be on the lookout for guests (for it was the outlaws' custom to bring any knights or rich men to share their dinner, and then to compel them to pay for the entertainment), Robin Hood took a solitary walk into the forest.

He approached a fine herd of deer, and, placing an arrow to his bow, he was just about to shoot, when the leader of the herd jumped up, shot through the heart, and the rest quickly made off.

Then, from a short distance, a young man, with his bow in his hand, came towards the spot. He was richly dressed, his doublet being of light scarlet silk and his stockings of the same color.

"Well shot!" exclaimed Robin, walking to meet him. "That shot was a good one, yet it was a crime, for it slew one of the King's deer. Still, I like a good bowman, and, if thou wilt accept the place, I will make thee one of my yeomen."

"Go play the coward!" said the stranger; "go quickly, or I will buffet thee with my fists."

"For your own sake, you had better not," replied Robin. "My arm is not weak, and you may see I carry arms. Besides, I have but to wind my horn to bring up those who would buffet you."

The stranger bent his bow and dared Robin to touch his horn.

"Well," said Robin, "if we shoot at each other, one of us is sure to die. Let us lay aside our arrows, and, since you are bent on quarreling, with sword and buckler we will fight it out under yonder tree."

"I will not flee from thee one foot," answered the stranger. So the battle began, and, before long, Robin gave his foe a blow which nearly took away his wits. Then, after Robin had been wounded, they rested awhile.

"Before we begin again, tell me thy name," said Robin.

"My name is Ganwell," said the stranger, "and I seek an uncle of mine, called Robin Hood."

"Had you told me that before," said Robin, "our fight would have sooner been done. It is so many years since I saw you that I did not know you, for I am Robin Hood."

The two men then embraced each other, and, taking up the deer, they set off to the outlaws' home. On their way they met Little John. "Master," he cried, "what have you been doing?"

"I met this stranger. We fought and he wounded me," said Robin.

"Then I will have a bout with him," exclaimed Little John, half drawing his sword.

"Nay, for he is my kinsman," said Robin. "He shall be one of my bowmen, — my chief man, next to thee; and I, Robin Hood, and thou, Little John, and he, whom I will call Will Scarlet, — we will be three of the bravest outlaws that live in the north country."

A SONG OF ROBIN HOOD'S MEN

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

The slender beech and the sapling oak,
  That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
  You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
  Whatsoever change may be,
You can never teach either oak or beech
  To be aught but a greenwood tree.

Robin Hood and Allan-a-Dale

As Robin Hood was one day standing beneath the trees in the forest, he espied a youth passing through the wood some little distance away. The young man was dressed in rich clothes of bright scarlet. His sword dangled by his side, and his cap was set jauntily upon his head. His whole appearance told of his lightness of heart, and, indeed, as he leisurely walked along, he trolled a merry song.

The next day, Robin Hood and his followers saw the same young man again. But how different was his appearance now! The scarlet apparel was cast aside; the feather in his hat drooped; his sword hung loosely and seemed to be in the way; his face was very sad; and instead of a merry song, at every step he heaved a heavy sigh.

Evidently the youth was in great trouble, and Robin said to one of his followers, "Go and speak to the stranger, and bring him here."

Little John and Much went up to the young man, who, when he saw them, bent his bow. "Stand off!" he cried. "What is your will with me?"

"Robin Hood, our master, is waiting for you, under yonder tree," said Little John.

"I will go to him," said the stranger, and the three returned to the place where Robin was standing.

"Young man," said Robin Hood, "yesterday you were gay; now you are sad. What is the cause?"

"Why should I tell you?" replied the youth with spirit.

"It may be that I can help you," said Robin.

"Oh! if only you could," said the young man sadly. "Yesterday I was to have married a maid, but she is taken from me, and much against her will is to be given to a richer man than I. To-day she will be forced to marry him." Another sigh escaped him, and then he fiercely grasped his sword.

"What is your name?" said Robin Hood.

"Allan-a-Dale," was the reply.

"And where is the wedding to take place?"

"Less than five miles from here," replied Allan; and he told them where the little church lay.

"We will see if this cannot be put right," said Robin.

"If you can give my love to me, I will serve you all the days of my life," cried Allan-a-Dale.

Telling Little John to gather together the band, and bring the outlaws towards the church, outside which they were to hide until they should hear his horn, Robin Hood disguised himself as a harper. Then, taking a harp in his hand, he strode quickly away, and hurried on until he came to the church.

He went inside. The church was empty, save for the Bishop who was to perform the ceremony, and his chaplain. As Robin went up the aisle the Bishop inquired, "Who are you, and what is your business here?"

"I am a harper," said Robin, "and if I may say so, the best in the north country."

"You are welcome," said the Bishop. "Of all music I like that of the harp best."

Very soon a feeble old knight came into the church, and almost immediately after, a lovely young lady, her face sad, and her eyes full of tears, entered with her father and a few attendants.

The Bishop was about to commence the service, when the harper cried, "Hold! this is not a fit match. There must be no compulsion in this matter, and since I am come to church, the lady shall choose for herself."

Then he blew a well-known blast on his horn, and four and twenty bowmen, with Allan-a-Dale and Little John at their head, came running from their hiding-place and across the lea into the church.

"Is this your lady, Allan-a-Dale?" asked Robin; "if so, and she wishes, you shall be married to her before we leave the church."

The aged knight and the lady's father were furious, whilst the Bishop, seeing there was something wrong, began divesting himself of his robes. But Robin explained that the young lady was being compelled to marry the knight who was so much older than herself, her heart all the while being given to Allan-a-Dale.

The Bishop turned to the bride for confirmation of this story, and on being told that it was true, and that she was anxious to be married to her lover, he consented to perform the ceremony.

ALLAN-A-DALE AND HIS BRIDE

"Who gives away this maid?" he asked.

"I do," said Robin Hood, "and he that takes her from Allan-a-Dale shall buy her dearly."

Having ended this merry wedding, Robin and his bowmen, accompanied by the delighted bride and bridegroom, retired to the forest, and there the happy couple spent their honeymoon amongst their new friends.

The Archery Contest

Some time elapsed, and though the Sheriff of Nottingham had made no further attempt to capture Robin Hood and his merry men, he had neither forgiven nor forgotten them.

At last he hit upon a plan by which he thought to get the chief outlaws into his hands. He knew that Robin Hood's men were very fond of sports and games, and that they often took part in archery contests in various parts of the kingdom.

He, therefore, contrived to bring about a challenge from the archers of Nottingham to those of Yorkshire, the prize to be a silver arrow feathered with gold. He guessed that Robin Hood and his best men would compete, and he hoped that then they would be easily taken.

But Robin Hood was quite as clever as the Sheriff, and though he decided to shoot, he made his preparations with great care.

Six of his most famous archers should shoot with him, but they were each to be dressed in a different

manner, and were to have nothing to do one with the other. The remainder of the band were to so place themselves that they could unite in a body at a moment's notice. They were to have their bows ready bent, their sheaves full of arrows, and to be in all ways prepared for instant action. These orders were obeyed to the letter.

The spot selected for this display of archery was an extensive glade on the borders of Barnsdale Wood. The archers were arranged in a circle, and nearly in the center were placed the targets at which they were to direct their arrows. By the side of these a small building was erected, in which the Sheriff, who was to judge the shots and award the prize, was to sit.

A large body of men-at-arms attended the Sheriff, who had also enrolled a number of the townspeople to serve as peace officers. Should any disturbance occur, they had orders to unite, seize the brawler, and drag him to the judge's seat.

Numbers of men-at-arms, dressed as yeomen, were placed among the crowd with similar orders. By these means the Sheriff hoped, if Robin Hood made his appearance, to be enabled to get him into his power, and take the vengeance which had been so long denied him.

The sport commenced. Three Nottingham men shot at the targets, and all hit the mark, but none in the center. Three north-country yeomen next fired with equal success, making a tie; then Will Scarlet shot, and put his shaft in the center of the mark with ease.

There was a loud shout, the arrow was withdrawn, and Little John followed; the point of his arrow was fixed in the hole which Will's had just made. Before the target-keeper could remove this shaft, Robin Hood fired, and shivered Little John's arrow to pieces, his own taking its place. There was a great uproar among the people, and the Nottingham men cheered loudly.

Three Yorkshiremen, the best archers of their county, next advanced, and taking steady aim, each hit the center of the bull's eye. The north-country men were now joyful in their turn, and cheered louder than their friends.

The Sheriff all the while kept a very sharp lookout. But his eyes were not quite so good as they had been years ago, and he could not, at a hundred and fifty yards, the distance at which the archers stood from the targets, see well enough to tell whether his enemy was amongst the competitors.

Gilbert of the White Hand, Much, Reynold Greenleaf, and George-a-Green next took their turns in order, each hitting the center with ease. Then four north-country men shot and tied with them.

It was now found that many of the men were so used to shooting that they could hit the center of the bull's-eye without fail. Thin willow wands were therefore placed upright in the ground, and seven from each side were to be selected to shoot against each other at these difficult targets.

The Nottingham people at once chose those who

had already been so successful for them, — Robin Hood and his men, — whilst the Yorkshiremen agreed to put the honor of their county in the hands of the seven yeomen who had done so well for them.

The Yorkshiremen had the lead off, and their first archer slit a wand; the second grazed the one he aimed at. The rest shot so close to their wands that it was not thought possible by the Yorkshiremen, or even by Nottingham men, that they could be beaten.

However, this opinion was quickly changed. Will Scarlet advanced, and taking up his bow, apparently quite carelessly, shot his arrow underhand, and clove a willow wand all to splinters.

"Hurrah for Nottinghamshire!" cried the Nottingham men, flinging up their caps, without thinking whether they would ever recover them again.

Fresh wands were now erected, and each one of Robin's men, from Little John to George-a-Green, clove his wand with the greatest ease. It came to Robin's turn, and he shot three arrows with such rapidity that if the people had not seen the three hit a wand, and none else but him firing, they would not have believed it possible.

This completed the contest, whereupon the Sheriff declared that the Nottingham men were the better archers; but as only one man could gain the prize, Robin Hood and the north-country archer, who at his first shot had slit the wand, were chosen to shoot for it.

Several trials of skill were made, but in all Robin

Hood was the victor, although the north-country man proved himself an archer of no mean kind.

Robin was now led up to the Sheriff, amid the shouts of the Nottingham men, to receive the prize. As he approached the judge's seat, he kept his head down as a lowly subject, so that the Sheriff could not exactly see whether it was the famous outlaw or not. Being in a state of uncertainty, with some complimentary words he placed the prize in Robin's hand.

No sooner had Robin received the arrow than he put it in his belt, and looking full in the Sheriff's face, said laughingly, "I value this gift more than I have words to express, because it is presented to me by so kind a friend as yourself. I now return to my home among the green leaves and flowers, and shall keep this prize in memory of having kept for Nottinghamshire the honor of being the best archers. I bid you good-day, Master Sheriff."

"Stop! stay!" roared the Sheriff. "Soldiers, do your duty. This is Robin Hood! Seize him."

"Wretch," shouted Robin; "you declared this a full and fair play, open and safe to all comers."

"But not to you. Seize him!"

But Robin had already sounded his horn. The outlaws rushed out from every direction, and before the bewildered soldiers could recover from their surprise, the whole band was in swift retreat, and reached Sherwood Forest in safety, well pleased with the merry sport which they had had that day.

Robin Hood and the King

Some time passed away, during which nothing of importance happened to Robin Hood, except that his band increased in numbers.

But now King Henry Second was dead, and his son Richard — Richard Cœur de Lion — had succeeded to the throne. King Richard vowed that he would root out Robin Hood and his men, and he marched at once to Nottingham.

For weeks he led his men through Sherwood Forest, but could not find Robin, neither did he see a single member of the band. In his anger he called for the Ranger of the Forest, who, in reply to the King, said, "Your Majesty, were you to continue as you have done for a year or more, you would never come within arrow-shot of Robin Hood. He knows of your purpose, and did it please him to fight with you, his knowledge of the ground and its advantages are such that he would defeat you, though you took twice five hundred men against him.

"But Robin has no love for blood-spilling, and he ever avoids it where it can be done with safety. That is why he keeps out of your way. If you really wish to see him, and to know how he lives in the greenwood, go to the Abbey close at hand, and dress yourself like an abbot or a friar. Take four or five knights, not more, dressed as monks, and let me be your leader. I will forfeit my head if you do not meet him, and after-

wards dine with him and his merry men in the forest. I will answer for your safety with my life. Robin Hood always takes a toll from those of the Church who invade his territories, but he does not ill-use them."

"I like your counsel well, forester!" replied the King, who was always ready for an adventure. "It shall be as you say. I will don the disguise you name, although I do not think it will sit well on me, and then to the forest. It will be an easy matter, after once finding the outlaws' trysting-place, to fall in with it again."

So the King and his five picked knights dressed themselves as monks, and off they set into the forest. They took with them two sumpter-horses, laden with bulky sacks, to make it appear they were bearing great wealth.

They had gone about three miles into the forest, when the forester advanced to the King's side, and said, "My liege, yonder stand Robin Hood, Little John, and Will Scarlet, the three most noted men of the band."

"That is well!" cried Richard. "I am right glad of this. Forester, we owe thee twenty golden nobles," and he rode towards Robin at a good speed. As he neared the outlaws, he kept on as though he would pass them, but Robin stepped out, seized the bridle of his horse, and stopped him.

"By your leave! Sir Abbot," he exclaimed, "you must stay with me awhile; you are welcome to the greenwood and its merry inhabitants."

"Ungodly sinner!" cried Richard, trying to speak

as an Abbot would have done, "who art thou who dost stop holy men on a sacred mission?"

"We are yeomen of this forest," replied Robin Hood, with a laugh, "and dwell in the greenwood. We live upon the King's deer, and what we can gather from such rich men of the church as you."

"Thou art a modest rascal, truly," said the King, trying to hide a smile, "to tell me to my beard that thou dost live by eating my — our King's deer, and by robbing churchmen."

"It is the only thing we can do," returned Robin. "You have more gold than wants, while we have more wants than gold."

"Thou speakest frankly, yeoman," said the King, almost forgetting that he was dressed as an Abbot, "and I like thy bearing well. Thou dost look more honest than I fear me thou art; but, nevertheless, for charity's sake, I will give thee all the money I have with me, which is forty golden nobles. I have stayed at Nottingham since the King has been there, and His Majesty hath nearly emptied my pockets. Still, thou art welcome to the money, for I like the looks of thee, and those sturdy yeomen with thee. Were it a hundred, thou shouldst have it as freely as I now give thee this," and so saying, the King handed Robin a bag containing forty golden nobles.

"You are a marvel among men of the church!" exclaimed Robin, laughing; "and if I had not sworn to let no such persons pass free, I would return the gold.

However, your generosity shall have its reward. Your sumpter-horses shall pass untouched, and take these twenty nobles back again for your own spending. The other twenty, acting up to my oath — which I have never broken — shall be divided amongst my merry men."

"Thou dost act generously, outlaw, and I like thee better for't," cried Richard, with warmth. "The King has a great desire to see thee. He bade me, did I fall in with thee, to greet thee with this ring, and bid thee to Nottingham to meet him there."

"Should it be my good fortune to meet the King, I would willingly bow the knee to him," said Robin, "and for the love I bear Richard, who is a true knight and an Englishman (though he be of Norman descent), I will take you to my trysting-tree, and there you shall taste a forester's hospitality."

"I take thee at thy word, yeoman; I long to see how a man thrives with grass for a couch and leaves for a roof. Thy limbs seem none the weaker for feeding on venison and sleeping on the turf!"

Robin replied only by a smile, and said, "This way, Sir Abbot," as he led his horse and its rider into the wood, followed by Little John, Will Scarlet, and the five supposed monks.

They soon reached the trysting-tree, and at once Robin wound his horn. Scarcely a minute passed before seven score men, all clad in doublets of Lincoln green, armed with bows and quarter-staffs, appeared. Each, as

he passed the tree, made a low bow to Robin, and then all arranged themselves in the glade with a perfection of discipline which surprised Richard.

"Indeed!" he muttered, "but this is a wondrous sight, as I am a—a—an Abbot."

The dinner was spread — a right sumptuous one. Fat venison, cooked in several fashions; bread, the best made at that time, for fine flour was unknown; and plenty of sweet wine.

"This is a dinner fit for a King!" exclaimed Richard, eating heartily, and seeming to enjoy it greatly. "This greenwood living is right good, Robin. I confess I do not wonder thou dost reign so strongly, when I see thy ways."

The feast being ended, Robin gave orders to prepare for sports. "Make good cheer, Sir Abbot," he said. "Now you shall see what manner of life we lead, and when you are again in the presence of good King Richard, say to him, — 'Thus do the merry men of Sherwood Forest.'"

"Never fear, good yeoman," replied Richard; "His Majesty shall know all thy doings, even as if he were himself present."

"You are the most gracious priest my fortune ever brought me in contact with," exclaimed Robin, as he waved his hand to his men to commence the sports.

The outlaws then began to perform various feats of archery, which, accustomed as Richard was to seeing good use made of the bow, perfectly astonished him.

"I would gladly know how you manage to teach your followers to be such accurate archers," he exclaimed at length.

"You shall see," replied Robin. "Much! see that the rose-garlands are hung upon the wands."

Much obeyed the order, and in a short time two wands were erected, each with a garland hanging from the top, so that the top of the wand appeared perpendicularly through the circle of flowers.

"Now," cried Robin loudly to the merry men, as they came up to shoot at this mark, "the man who fails to hit the willow wand between the garland shall lose his best arrow, giving it to me, let it be ever so much a favorite with him, beside receiving a buffet on the bare head; let every one, therefore, shoot his best, or I will spare none of you. I also will shoot; if I miss, I will receive the like punishment."

Many of the men fired, but most of them missed the mark, although their arrows went within an inch of it. They, however, received the punishment, and bore it very well. Some saved themselves by just grazing the wand. At length Robin shot, and cleft the wand in pieces.

A fresh one was put up, and Will Scarlet fired and grazed the wand, Little John doing the same. Much and Gilbert of the White Hand hit the wand full and fairly; many others followed with various success.

When as many had fired as Robin thought sufficient, he separated those who had hit the mark, and paring

the end of the wand much finer than before, he placed it up again to be fired at. He fired the first shot, and though from the distance he stood it looked no more than a piece of thread, his arrow struck it and shivered it to pieces. Another was put up, and Will Scarlet fired, but missed it; he received his buffet, and vowed nobody could hit it but Robin.

Little John missed it and received his blow too, while the glade rang with shouts of laughter. Much shared the same fate; Gilbert of the White Hand, who was a famous shot, hit it, and was loudly cheered; all the rest missed it.

A second trial was made at a somewhat greater distance, and this time every one missed it, all receiving their punishment with much merriment. Robin fired the last shot, but wishing to show the pretended Abbot that he made no distinction between himself and his men in such cases, he purposely missed the wand by an inch.

"Ah, ah!" cried Gilbert, who looked upon the miss with the utmost astonishment; "master, you have missed it, and lost an arrow; stand forth and take your pay."

"I am ready," cried Robin, laughing; "take your choice from my sheaf; and which of you will give me the buffet? Little John, you are the strongest; you give it to me!"

"Not I," said Little John; "I should never look on my right hand with pleasure again."

"Nor I," exclaimed Will.

"Nor I," cried three or four other voices.

"This is foolishness," said Robin, seriously; "I did not hesitate to buffet any of you. I have earned the punishment, and must receive it. However, since none of you will give it, Sir Abbot, to you I deliver my arrow, and I pray you, sir, serve me, even as you have seen me serve my men."

"Nay," said the King, laughing, "by thy leave, it does not become my order to strike any one, especially so good a yeoman as thou art; I would grieve no man, least of all thee, Robin."

"You will not grieve me, good Abbot; smite boldly, never fear. I give you fair leave to smite as becomes a man," exclaimed Robin.

"I shall hurt thee too much; my sport is somewhat of the roughest," observed the King.

"I am not so tender as a weak boy," rejoined Robin. "As I have missed the wand, pray thee give me a buffet, or I shall begin to think we know not strict justice."

"As thou wilt," cried the King. Then, folding up his sleeve, he laid bare a great, muscular arm, and struck Robin a blow on the shoulder, which hurled him to the ground like lightning.

Robin was on his feet in a moment, exclaiming, "I make my vow to Heaven, thou are the most stalwart friar I ever met; there is too much pith in thine arm for such a holy calling as thine. Thou canst, I wager,

shoot or play the quarter-staff better than thou canst bear a crozier."

"I think I might do as much," said the King, smiling, "or handle a sword, or wield a spear and shield."

"Thy speech partakes more of the field than of the church," observed Robin, looking keenly at him. "I would gladly learn who thou art; strange thoughts rise within me."

"I would have thee set them at rest; thou shalt soon know whether I am, or am not, what I seem to be," muttered the King quickly, turning his head away.

A knight, Sir Richard of the Lee, who had been absent all this time, now came up to speak to Robin, and as his eyes lighted upon the king, he started, and recognized him. The knight, who had often seen Richard, turned quickly to see if Robin and his men appeared to know the real rank of their guest. But they were all so engaged in their various sports, that it was evident they did not know the disguised monarch.

Sir Richard immediately whispered, "Know you the name and rank of him who is here in the garb of a monk?"

"Not for certainty, but I have a suspicion," returned Robin; "I think that light sandy hair, and those blue eyes, can belong to but one man, and he is — "

"Richard of the Lion Heart, King of England," said Sir Richard, so earnestly that he spoke aloud.

"Ha!" exclaimed the King; and at that moment Robin and Sir Richard knelt at his feet, the former

saying, "I know you well, now, your Majesty; you are Richard of England, whom Heaven save! You have seen how we live, and heard what little violence we have done, and when I tell you that we have all been driven here by the most unjust and wicked oppressions, I do beg and hope you will grant grace to all who are here with me."

"Arise! my friends," said the King, graciously. "Freely I forgive thee, Robin Hood, and thy men, all ye have done against the laws, because I find thou hast had the power of doing much evil, and hast not exercised it. On the contrary, I learn thou hast helped those who needed aid, and levied thy contributions only upon those who could well spare what thou hast taken from them. Indeed, I see very little to pardon; yet, since laws have been broken, and thou art liable to pay the penalty, I hereby, in the presence of these monks, who are my knights, pardon thee and thy men freely and fully, removing from thee and them the ban of outlawry, and returning to them all the rights and privileges of freemen."

"Long live King Richard of the Lion Heart!" cried the knights.

"Heaven keep and save thee to be the blessing to thy people thou hast proved to me, and those around me!" exclaimed Robin, bending on one knee and kissing the King's hand.

Then he sprang to his feet, and, throwing up his head proudly, blew such a blast on his bugle as woke

the forest echoes as they had never been wakened before. On the instant every sport was stopped; the scouts scattered throughout the forest obeyed the summons, and soon the glade was filled by the whole band of merry men. Robin raised his hand for silence, and as soon as it was obtained, said, "My merry men all, bend your knees to the earth; here stands our sovereign lord and king, Richard of the Lion Heart! Uncover your heads, and pay him the homage which, as King of England, and, what is dearer to our hearts, an English king, is his due."

Robin set the example, and, while yet upon his knee, told them of the king's pardon; then, bidding them rise to their feet, he said, "Now let the old wood ring with your cheers — such cheers as you know how to give — such cheers as the king's generosity deserves."

The merry men needed no second command, but roared a hurrah that might have been heard for miles.

That night the King of England slept soundly beneath the branches of the trysting-tree. In the morning when he arose, he declared his intention of at once returning to Nottingham, and asked Robin to summon the band to return to the city with him.

"Hast thou any doublets, similar to those worn by thy men, Robin?" inquired Richard. "If thou hast, and will supply myself and knights with them, I think we shall meet with some sport on our return to Nottingham."

"We have plenty of dresses," replied Robin, laughing.

"Your majesty and followers can, if you wish, be transformed into yeomen."

So the king and his knights put on dresses similar to those worn by the outlaws, and accompanied by Robin Hood and his merry men, Richard set out for Nottingham.

At the king's desire, as they approached the town, they commenced shouting loudly. The noise soon drew the attention of the citizens, who saw with fear the outlaws coming openly into the town. Knowing that the king had gone in disguise to take Robin Hood, they at once concluded that his majesty had been slain, and that Robin Hood had come to kill the inhabitants, and pillage the town.

The people ran here and there in great fright; alarm bells were rung, the town troops were called out, but the high sheriff was nowhere to be found. The troops in the castle were appealed to for help, but they were ordered by the knights in command of them to remain until there was some foundation for the rumor. When it was seen that the outlaws were beginning to march up the main street of the town, then they turned out and prepared to oppose them.

"Here come our fighting dogs!" cried Richard, laughing. "We did not think the townspeople so chary of their lives. But we must stop the soldiers, or their bolts will soon be amongst us," and, raising a horn to his lips, the King blew a loud blast which was well known to his bowmen.

The news of the king's arrival in the company of the "Prince of Outlaws" quickly spread, and soon the people came pouring out of their hiding places with shouts of welcome.

Robin entered Nottingham Castle with the King, and the latter treated him right royally.

Papers were prepared which confirmed the pardon to all the members of the band, and besides acknowledging Robin's right to the title of Earl of Huntingdon, the King gave orders that the lands of the earldom should be handed over to him.

And so at last Robin Hood became the Earl of Huntingdon and took possession of his rightful inheritance.

Thereafter he and his merry men followed the King to the wars and lived out their days full of honor and renown.

TIT FOR TAT

MARY FRERE

There once lived a Camel and a Jackal who were great friends. One day the Jackal said to the Camel, "I know that there is a fine field of sugar cane on the other side of the river. If you will take me across, I'll show you the place. This plan will suit me as well as you. You will enjoy eating the sugar cane, and I am sure to find many crabs, bones, and bits of fish by the riverside, on which to make a good dinner."

The Camel consented and swam across the river, taking the Jackal, who could not swim, on his back. When they reached the other side, the Camel went to eating the sugar cane, and the Jackal ran up and down the river bank devouring all the crabs, bits of fish, and bones he could find.

But being so much smaller an animal, he had made an excellent meal before the Camel had eaten more than two or three mouthfuls; and no sooner had he finished his dinner than he ran round and round the sugar-cane field, yelping and howling with all his might.

The villagers heard him and thought, "There is a jackal among the sugar canes; he will be scratching holes in the ground and spoiling the roots of the plants." And they all went down to the place to drive him away. But when they got there they found to their surprise not only a jackal, but a camel who was eating the sugar canes! This made them very angry, and they

caught the poor Camel and drove him from the field and beat him until he was nearly dead.

When they had gone, the Jackal said to the Camel, "We had better go home."

And the Camel said, "Very well; then jump upon my back as you did before."

So the Jackal jumped upon the Camel's back, and the Camel began to recross the river. When they had got well into the water the Camel said, "This is a pretty way in which you have treated me, friend Jackal. No sooner had you finished your own dinner than you must go yelping about the place loud enough to arouse the whole village, and bring all the villagers down to beat me black and blue, and turn me out of the field before I had eaten two mouthfuls! What in the world did you make such a noise for?"

"I don't know," said the Jackal. "It is a habit I have. I always like to sing a little after dinner."

The Camel waded on through the river. The water reached up to his knees — then above them — up, up, higher and higher, until he had to swim. Then turning to the Jackal he said, "I feel very anxious to roll."

"Oh, pray don't; why do you wish to do so?" asked the Jackal.

"I don't know," answered the Camel. "It is a habit I have. I always like to have a little roll after dinner." So saying, he rolled over in the water, shaking the Jackal off as he did so. And the Jackal was drowned, but the Camel swam safely ashore.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here,
So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And fell about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like,
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong.

THE BRAHMAN, THE TIGER, AND THE SIX JUDGES

CHARACTERS

Brahman Tiger

Six Judges { 1. Banyan Tree 3. Bullock 5. Alligator
2. Camel 4. Eagle 6. Jackal

(A tiger is shut up in an iron cage by the roadside. He paces back and forth. A Brahman passes by.)

Tiger: Brother Brahman, brother Brahman, have pity on me, and let me out of this cage for one minute only to drink a little water, for I am dying of thirst.

Brahman: No, I will not; for if I let you out of the cage you will eat me.

Tiger: Oh, father of mercy, in truth that I will not. I will never be so ungrateful; only let me out, that I may drink some water and return.

Brahman: Then I will take pity on you.

(He opens the door and the tiger jumps out.)

Tiger (*coming up to the Brahman*): Now, I will eat you first and drink the water afterwards.

Brahman: Only do not kill me hastily. Let us first ask the opinion of six, and if all of them say it is just and fair that you should put me to death, then I am willing to die.

Tiger: Very well, it shall be as you say. We will first ask the opinion of six.

(They walk until they come to a banyan tree.)

Brahman: Banyan Tree, Banyan Tree, hear and give judgment.

Banyan Tree: On what must I give judgment?

Brahman: This Tiger begged me to let him out of his cage to drink a little water, and he promised not to hurt me if I did so; but now that I have let him out, he wishes to eat me. Is it just that he should do so?

Banyan Tree: Men often come to take shelter in the cool shade under my boughs from the scorching rays of the sun; but when they have rested, they cut and break my branches and wantonly scatter my leaves. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are an ungrateful race.

Tiger (going up to the Brahman): There, I shall eat you now.

Brahman: Stop, Tiger, for we must first hear the judgment of six.

Tiger: Very well.

(They go on their way and meet a camel.)

Brahman: Sir Camel, Sir Camel, hear and give judgment.

Camel: On what shall I give judgment?

Brahman: This Tiger was shut up in a cage. He begged me to let him out and promised not to eat me if I did so. Now he is determined to break his word. Is it just that he should do so?

Camel: When I was young and strong, and could do much work, my master took care of me and gave me good food; but now that I am old, and have lost my strength in his service, he overloads me and starves me and beats me without mercy. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are an unjust and cruel race.

(They go on and find a bullock lying by the roadside.)

Brahman: Brother Bullock, brother Bullock, hear and give judgment.

Bullock: On what must I give judgment?

Brahman: I found this Tiger in a cage, and he prayed me to open the door and let him out to drink a little water, and promised not to kill me if I did so. But when I had let him out, he resolved to put me to death. Is it fair that he should do so or not?

Bullock: When I was able to work, my master fed me well and tended me carefully, but now I am old he has forgotten all I did for him, and left me by the roadside to die. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men have no pity.

(The Brahman lowers his head. An eagle comes flying through the air.)

Brahman: O Eagle, great Eagle, hear and give judgment.

Eagle: On what must I give judgment?

Brahman: O Eagle, I saw a cage and in it was this Tiger. He prayed me to let him out, promising me no hurt. Yet now he vows to kill me. Is it just that he should do so or not?

Eagle: Whenever men see me they try to shoot me; they climb the rocks and steal away my little ones. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are the persecutors of the earth.

Tiger (with a loud roar): The judgment of all is against you, O Brahman.

Brahman: Stay yet a little longer, for two others must first be asked.

(They reach a river and find there an alligator.)

Brahman: Good, kind Alligator, hear and give judgment.

Alligator: On what must I give judgment?

Brahman: Good Alligator, this Tiger was in a cage and begged me to let him out so that he might drink a little water. He said that he would not eat me, but now he is resolved to do so. Is it just that he should do so or not?

Alligator: Whenever I put my nose out of the water men torment me and try to kill me. Let the Tiger eat the man, for as long as men live we shall have no rest.

Brahman: Alas, I am lost! But have patience, O Tiger, and let me ask the opinion of the sixth judge.

(They go on and meet a jackal.)

Brahman: Uncle Jackal, Uncle Jackal, hear and give judgment.

Jackal: On what must I give judgment?

Brahman: The Tiger here was imprisoned in a cage, and because he promised not to harm me I opened the door and set him free, so that he might drink a little water. He now declares that he will eat me first and drink the water afterward. Uncle Jackal, Uncle Jackal, say what is your judgment?

Jackal: I do not understand you. Would you mind telling me over again?

Brahman: I let the Tiger out of the cage because he

promised not to harm me; and now he intends to eat me just the same.

Jackal (*shaking his head distractedly*): It is very odd, but it seems to go in at one ear and out at the other! I will go to the place where it all happened, and then I may be able to give a judgment. Show me the place.

(The Brahman, the tiger, and the jackal return to the cage.)

Jackal (*to the Brahman*): Now let me see! How did it all begin? You were in the cage and the tiger came walking by.

Tiger: No, no. What a fool you are! *I* was in the cage.

Jackal (*pretending to tremble with fright*): Of course! Yes, I was in the cage. No I wasn't. Dear, dear! Where are my wits? Let me see — the tiger was in the Brahman, and the cage came walking by — no that's not it either. Well, don't mind me, but begin your dinner, for I shall never understand!

Tiger (*in a rage*): Yes you shall. I'll *make* you understand! Look here. I am the tiger.

Jackal: Yes, my lord!

Tiger: And that is the Brahman.

Jackal: Yes my lord!

Tiger: And I was in the cage. Do you understand?

Jackal: Yes — no — please my lord —

Tiger (*impatiently*): Well?

Jackal: Please my lord, how did you get in?

Tiger: How? Why in the usual way of course!

Jackal: Oh, dear me! My head is beginning to whirl

again! Please don't be angry, my lord, but what is the usual way?

Tiger (*losing his patience and jumping into the cage*): This way! Now do you understand how it was?

Jackal (*shutting and bolting the door*): Perfectly, my lord. And if you will permit me to say so, I think matters will remain as they were!

(The jackal and the Brahman go away together, leaving the tiger shut up in the cage.)

THE QUAILS

Ages ago a flock of more than a thousand quails lived together in a forest in India. They would have been happy if they had not been in great dread of their enemy, the quail-catcher. He used to imitate the call of the quail; and when they gathered together in answer to it, he would throw a great net over them, stuff them into his basket, and carry them away to be sold.

Now, one of the quails was very wise, and he said:

"Brothers! I have thought of a good plan. In the future, as soon as the fowler throws his net over us, let each one put his head through a mesh in the net and then all lift it up together and fly away with it. When we have flown far enough, we can let the net drop on a thorn bush and escape from under it."

All agreed to his plan; and the next day when the fowler threw his net, the birds all lifted it together in the very way that the wise quail had told them, threw it on a thorn bush, and escaped. While the fowler

tried to free his net from the thorns, it grew dark, and he had to go home.

This happened many days, till at last the fowler's wife grew angry and asked her husband:

"Why is it that you never catch any more quail?"

Then the fowler replied:

"The trouble is that all the birds work together and help one another. If they would only quarrel, I could catch them fast enough."

A few days later, one of the quails accidentally trod on the head of one of his brothers, as they alighted on the feeding ground.

"Who trod on my head?" angrily inquired the quail that was hurt.

"Don't be angry. I didn't mean to tread on you," said the first quail. But the brother quail went on quarreling.

"I lifted all the weight of the net; you didn't help at all," he cried.

That made the first quail angry, and before long all were drawn into the dispute. Then the fowler saw his chance. He imitated the cry of the quail and cast his net over those that came together. They were still boasting and quarreling, and they did not help one another lift the net. So the hunter lifted the net himself and crammed them into his basket. But the wise quail gathered his friends together and flew far away, for he knew that quarrels are the root of misfortune.

— *A Legend of the Jataka.*

ROSETTA OF ARAGON

I

In northern Spain there once stood a castle in which the Knight of Aragon and his daughter, Rosetta, lived. Rosetta's mother had died when Rosetta was a tiny child. Her father was a soldier, and had been wounded in battle so that he could not use his right arm. He was still ill and weak.

One evening the two were sitting in the big hall of the castle. Rosetta was spinning while her father told her stories of the battles he had fought. Suddenly they heard loud and angry voices in the court below. The knight jumped to his feet and was about to rush from the hall, when the door was flung open and a man rushed in, shouting, "Knight of Aragon, you are my prisoner!"

When poor Rosetta heard this, she fell on her knees before the stranger, and begged him to spare her father as he was still weak from his wounds. But he answered sternly, "Twenty years ago your father defeated me, and I vowed that I would take my revenge. Now he must follow me to my castle, where he shall be my prisoner as long as he lives."

After these cruel words, the stranger, who was a count, left the great hall to search for plunder. Rosetta's father turned to her and said, "Rosetta, my daughter, be brave. You must leave the castle at once. Walk into the deep forest until you come to the big oak. From there fol-

low the little path to the north, until you come to the hut of Sebastian, the charcoal burner. He will take care of you, for he is my faithful friend."

The knight had scarcely said this, when the count came back and told his men to take the knight into the court. Rosetta slipped quickly behind her father's large chair, and they did not see her. They dragged her poor father away. Since he was too weak to walk, they bound his arms behind his back, and put him on a wagon. Then they left the castle.

Now no one had noticed the sad-faced child. She walked through the forest until she came to the old oak tree. Here she rested for a little while, and then she went on toward the north. It was evening before she saw a fire burning. She was hardly able to walk; her shoes were torn and her feet were aching. She went slowly and painfully toward the fire, and there she found the charcoal burner.

In a few words she told him everything, and he said gently, "Stop crying, brave child. My wife and daughter will take care of you. But you must disguise yourself. Put on my daughter's clothes, and color your face and hands brown. Then no one will suspect you."

Rosetta did as he said; and soon only two peasant-girls, Rosetta the knight's daughter and Ana the charcoal burner's daughter, were seen working in the garden. They had hardly risen the next morning when soldiers came into the hut and asked whether any one had seen the young girl, Rosetta of Aragon.

"Is she not in the castle?" asked Sebastian.

"No, the castle belongs to us now. But she is not there, and we are sent to find her."

"Well," said the charcoal burner, "you may search my house, and if you find the little lady from the castle here, you will do more than I can!"

The soldiers said that they did not expect to find her there, and then they rode away.

Rosetta stayed safely in the little hut in the woods, but she was not happy. She thought day and night how she could help her father. Finally she decided to take Ana with her to the castle to sell mushrooms. At first the charcoal burner would not consent, but Rosetta begged so hard that at last he let her have her way.

The next morning Ana and Rosetta went to the foot of the mountain on which the castle of the count stood. Here Rosetta asked Ana to wait for her while she climbed up to the gate. She had almost reached it when she heard the stamping of horses' feet and saw the count ride through the gate. He looked sharply at the girl, and Rosetta trembled from head to foot. He stopped his horse and said curtly, "What have you there in the basket?"

"I wish to sell these mushrooms," said Rosetta.

"Then give them to the jailer' wife. She will take them to the kitchen." And he rode on.

The jailer's wife was so much pleased with Rosetta, that she begged her to stay and help her take

care of her children, and prepare the meals for the prisoners. Rosetta replied, "If you can wait until to-morrow, I will come and help you gladly."

Ana was frightened when Rosetta told her what had happened. "You cannot do it," she said; "the work will be very hard and you are not used to it."

But Rosetta answered, "I can do anything for my father!"

II

Early the next morning she went to the castle. The jailer's wife showed her how to prepare the meals for the prisoners. Rosetta was grieved to see the coarse food given to her sick father. When everything was ready, the jailer came and said to his wife, "You must take care of the prisoners, for I am going away with my lord."

But the woman replied, "No, indeed! I dislike the prisoners. This girl can take them their food."

The jailer looked sharply at Rosetta and said, "Will you visit the prisoners three times a day and take them their food?"

"Yes," answered Rosetta.

The jailer now took the heavy keys from the basket of food, gave Rosetta the lantern to carry, and went with her to the tower. He unlocked the heavy iron door and went in with Rosetta. Through the long dark halls she followed the jailer to a row of prison cells. They did not unlock the doors of these cells, but pushed the food through small openings in the doors.

At last, the jailer stopped and said, "Never dare to open these other doors. The prisoners are all dangerous. But this last door you may open without fear, for it is the cell of the Knight of Aragon. He is a good, kind man, and I am sorry that he is here."

How Rosetta trembled when she knew that she was about to see her father! "If he should recognize me," she said to herself, "all will be lost."

As she went in, she held the lantern so that her face was in deep shadow, and her father hardly saw her. The jailer spoke kindly to the old knight, and said, "I shall not see you again for a long time, for I am going to war. This girl will bring your food."

Then the prisoner looked at Rosetta, and said kindly, "Poor child! It must be hard for you to come to these dark prisons."

But Rosetta, fearing that her voice would betray her, made no reply, and soon she and the jailer went away.

The same day, the jailer went to war with his master. The gates were closed, the bridges drawn up, and the wife of the count, her children, and the servants, were alone in the great castle.

Rosetta waited until midnight. Then she washed her face and hands to get rid of the brown color, and, taking the keys and the lantern with her, she went across the big dark courtyard into the tower. It was a hard journey for the little girl but she went bravely. At last she opened the door of her father's prison and heard his voice say,

"What has happened, my child? Is the castle on fire?"

"No," she answered, "I have come to bring you news of your daughter."

"Then tell me quickly!" cried the father. "Tell me quickly where my little daughter is!"

"Here!" sobbed Rosetta, and ran into her father's arms.

After the first surprise and joy had passed, Rosetta told her father everything, and cried, "Now come, father! You are free. Here are the keys. Come quickly!"

"But Rosetta, what are you thinking of?" asked the prisoner gently. "You have just told me that you promised to take care of the prisoners, and now you are going to set me free! My child, I shall not leave this prison until the count lets me go. Your promise is a sacred thing to me."

Rosetta begged and cried in vain, and when morning came, she crept back to her tiny room, colored her face and hands again, and prepared the breakfast for the jailer's family.

But Rosetta was not unhappy, for she often saved her own meals and took them to her father. In a few days she found a quiet, green little nook near the tower, out of sight of every one, and there her father spent many hours enjoying the warm sunshine. Nor was this all. For one day, when her father was out of doors, Rosetta cleaned his prison. When he returned to it, he was surprised at the change. The walls were

scrubbed, the window washed, the cobwebs swept down, and a bunch of wild flowers filled the dark cell with a sweet fragrance.

III

Many months passed quietly away. Rosetta went three times a day to the tower and carried food to the prisoners. She also cooked and worked for the jailer's wife and often took care of his children when they were playing in the castle garden, where the children of the count played also. The garden was very beautiful with trees and flowers. At the middle of it was a deep well in which hung a large bucket.

One day a bird came to drink out of the bucket. The count's little son ran to the well to catch it. He climbed up and leaned far over. The bird escaped his little hand and flew away, but the boy lost his balance and fell.

Rosetta and the nurse both heard his scream and ran in terror to the well. Rosetta looked down and saw that the child had not fallen into the water, but that his dress had caught on a spike. She also saw that he would be lost if help did not come instantly. She told the nurse to hold the rope. She slipped into the bucket, and cried, "Let the bucket down!"

The nurse did as she was told, and Rosetta caught the boy and brought him safely to the top. After this the countess often sent for Rosetta and gave her good things to eat. She wondered why Rosetta never touched the dainties, but always carried them away.

One day a man servant came to the countess and said, "I have seen the jailer's maid go at midnight into the tower. She has the keys, and I fear she will let a prisoner escape."

The countess said, "I am sure Rosetta is too good to do us any harm, but I must find out what she is doing there."

That night she followed Rosetta to her father's cell, and hiding in the deep shadow, she listened. Soon she heard Rosetta say, "Father, you are so sick! Your wound is hurting you badly. Why will you not take your liberty?"

Then she heard a deep voice reply, "Child, you have promised not to let a prisoner escape. Yes, I must stay, although I know that I cannot live long."

The countess had heard enough, and from that night she was even kinder to Rosetta. News came that the count would soon return.

Then, one fine morning, they heard the merry sound of trumpets and soon the count was seen riding over the bridge. He sprang from his horse, kissed his wife and children, and lifting his son high in the air, cried proudly, "How much he had grown! Soon he can go to war with his father."

"Yes," said the countess, "but except for the courage of a young girl, he would not be here now!" Then she told the count what had happened.

The count turned white when he learned how nearly he had lost his son. As soon as he could speak, he said,

"Where is the girl? I wish to see her, though all I own is not enough to reward her!"

Rosetta was called and the count said to her, "What can I do to show my gratitude for your noble deed? Ask what you will. Nothing in my power shall be denied you."

"Give me justice!" cried Rosetta, clasping her hands. "You hold my father as a prisoner. Let him go!"

"Your father my prisoner?" said the knight. "What is your father's name?"

"My father is the Knight of Aragon," said Rosetta, proudly.

"The Knight of Aragon!" exclaimed the count. "He shall stay in prison. He is my enemy and I hate him!"

"But you promised, my lord," said Rosetta.

"This one thing I cannot and I will not do — " began the count, but the countess interrupted.

"Listen to me!" she cried. "Rosetta has had the keys to the prison ever since you went away. Her father could have freed not only himself but the other prisoners. He could have captured the castle. He would not do this. He made his daughter keep her promise. Now you must keep yours."

For many minutes the count stood frowning, but at last he said, "The Knight of Aragon is free. He may return to his castle." Then he turned to the jailer. "Go and tell him so," he commanded.

"No," said the countess, "Rosetta shall do that, but she must first come with me."

She led the happy Rosetta away, helped her to wash off the brown stain, and dressed her in beautiful clothes. Then the count himself led her to the prison. Rosetta opened the door and called out, "Father, father, you are free!"

Then the count said, "Knight of Aragon, I ask your pardon. I have been in the wrong, but if you will make me your friend again, I will try to atone for what I have done."

Rosetta's father shook hands with his former enemy and they all left the prison for the banquet hall, where the guests were waiting to hear the story of the brave and loving Rosetta, and of the honest Knight of Aragon.

— *Translated by Mrs. Gronow.*

OLD CHRISTMAS

MARY HOWITT

Now he who knows old Christmas,
He knows a carle of worth;
For he is as good a fellow
As any upon earth.

He comes warm cloaked and coated,
And buttoned up to the chin,
And as soon as he comes anigh the door
We open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,
So we sweep the hearth up clean;
We set him the old armed chair,
And a cushion whereon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy
We make the house look gay,
Just out of an old regard to him,
For it was his ancient way.

He must be a rich old fellow:
What money he gives away!
There is not a lord in England
Could equal him any day.

Good luck unto old Christmas,
And long life let us sing,
For he doth more good unto the poor
Than many a crownéd king!

WHY THE CHIMES RANG

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

There was once, in a far-away country where few people have ever traveled, a wonderful church. It stood on a high hill in the midst of a great city; and every Sunday, as well as on sacred days like Christmas, thousands of people climbed the hill to its great archways, looking like lines of ants all moving in the same direction.

When you came to the building itself, you found stone columns and dark passages, and a grand entrance leading to the main room of the church. This room was so long that one standing in the doorway could scarcely see to the other end, where the choir stood by the marble altar.

In the farthest corner was the organ; and this organ was so loud that sometimes, when it played, the people for miles around would close their shutters and prepare for a great thunder-storm. Altogether no such church as this was ever seen before, especially when it was lighted up for some festival, and crowded with people, young and old.

But the strangest thing about the whole building was the wonderful chime of bells. At one corner of the church was a great gray tower, with ivy growing over it as far up as one could see. I say as far as one could see, because the tower was quite great enough to fit the great church, and it rose so far into the sky that it

was only in very fair weather that any one claimed to be able to see the top. Even then one could not be certain that it was in sight. Up, and up, and up climbed the stones and the ivy; and as the men who built the church had been dead for hundreds of years, every one had forgotten how high the tower was supposed to be.

Now all the people knew that at the top of the tower was a chime of Christmas bells. They had hung there ever since the church had been built, and were the most beautiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because a great musician had cast them and arranged them in their place; others said it was because of the great height, which reached up where the air was clearest and purest: however that might be, no one who had ever heard the chimes denied that they were the sweetest in the world. Some described them as sounding like angels far up in the sky; others, as sounding like strange winds singing through the trees.

But the fact was that no one had heard them for years and years. There was an old man living not far from the church, who said that his mother had spoken of hearing them when she was a little girl, and he was the only one who was sure of as much as that.

They were Christmas chimes, you see, and were not meant to be played by men or on common days. It was the custom on Christmas Eve for all the people to bring their offerings to the church; and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the altar, there used to come sounding through the music of the choir the

Christmas chimes far up in the tower. Some said that the wind rang them, and others that they were so high that the angels could set them swinging. But for many long years they had never been heard.

It was said that people had been growing less careful of their gifts, and that no offering was brought, great enough to deserve the music of the chimes. Every Christmas Eve the rich people still crowded to the altar, each one trying to bring some better gift than any other, without giving anything that he wanted for himself, and the church was crowded with those who thought that perhaps the wonderful bells might be heard again. But although the service was splendid, and the offerings plenty, only the roar of the wind could be heard, far up in the stone tower.

Now, a number of miles from the city, in a little country village, where nothing could be seen of the great church but glimpses of the tower when the weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro, and his little brother. They had heard of the service in the church on Christmas Eve, and had a secret plan, which they had often talked over when by themselves, to go to see the beautiful celebration.

"Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine things there are to see and hear; and who knows but that the wonderful chimes in the tower may ring once again this Christmas tide?"

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold, with a few lonely snowflakes flying in the air, and a hard white

crust on the ground. Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to slip quietly away early in the afternoon; and although the walking was hard in the frosty air, before nightfall they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them.

Indeed they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it, when they saw something dark on the snow near their path, and stepped aside to look at it. It was a poor woman who had fallen just outside the city, too sick and tired to get in where she might have found shelter. The soft snow made of a drift a sort of pillow for her, and she would soon be so sound asleep in the wintry air that no one could ever waken her again.

All this Pedro saw in a moment, and he knelt down and tried to rouse her, even tugging at her arm a little, as though he would have tried to carry her away. He turned her face toward him, so that he could rub some of the snow on it, and when he had looked at her silently a moment he stood up again and said:

"It's no use, Little Brother. You will have to go on alone."

"Alone?" cried Little Brother. "And you not see the Christmas festival?"

"No," said Pedro, and he could not keep back a bit of a choking sound in his throat. "See this poor woman. She will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. Every one has gone to the church now, but when you come

back you can bring some one to help her. I will rub her to keep her from freezing, and perhaps get her to eat the bun that is left in my pocket."

"But I cannot bear to leave you, and go on alone," said Little Brother.

"Both of us need not miss the service," said Pedro, "and it had better be I than you. You can easily find your way to the church; and you must see and hear everything twice, Little Brother — once for you and once for me. And oh! if you get a chance, Little Brother, to slip up to the altar without getting in any one's way, take this silver piece of mine, and lay it down for my offering, when no one is looking. Do not forget where you have left me, and forgive me for not going with you."

In this way he hurried Little Brother off to the city, and winked hard to keep back the tears, as he heard the crunching footsteps sounding farther and farther away in the twilight. It was pretty hard to lose the music and splendor of the Christmas celebration that he had been planning for so long, and spend the time instead in that lonely place in the snow.

The great church was a wonderful place that night. Every one said that it had never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played and the thousands of people sang, the walls shook with the sound, and little Pedro, away outside the city wall, felt the earth tremble around him.

At the close of the service came the procession with

the offerings to be laid upon the altar. Rich men and great men marched proudly up to lay down their gifts. Some brought wonderful jewels, some baskets of gold so heavy that they could scarcely carry them down the aisle. A great writer laid down a book that he had been making for years and years. And last of all walked the king of the country, hoping with all the rest to win for himself the chime of the Christmas bells. There went a great murmur through the church, as the people saw the king take from his head the royal crown, all set with precious stones, and lay it gleaming on the altar.

"Surely," every one said, "we shall hear the bells now, for nothing like this has ever happened before."

But still only the cold old wind was heard in the tower, and the people shook their heads; and some of them said, as they had before, that they never really believed the story of the chimes, and doubted if they ever rang at all.

The procession was over, and the choir began the closing hymn. Suddenly the organist stopped playing as though he had been shot, and every one looked at the old minister, who was standing by the altar, holding up his hand for silence.

Not a sound could be heard from any one in the church, but as all the people strained their ears to listen, there came softly, but distinctly, swinging through the air, the sound of the chimes in the tower. So far away, and yet so clear the music seemed — so much sweeter were the notes than anything that had been heard before, rising and falling away up there in the sky, that the people in the church sat for a moment as still as though something held each of them by the shoulders. Then they all stood up together, and stared straight at the altar, to see what great gift had awakened the long-silent bells.

But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Little Brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking, and had laid Pedro's little piece of silver on the altar.

ANECDOTES TOLD BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

The Foolish Servant and the Harrow

I suppose you have heard our story of the harrow; if not, here it is.

A farmer, in our country, sent two of his servants to borrow one of a neighbor, ordering them to bring it between them on their shoulders. When they came to look at it, one of them, who had much wit and cunning, said:

"What could our master mean by sending only two men to bring this harrow? No two men upon earth are strong enough to carry it."

"Poh!" said the other, who was vain of his strength, "what do you talk of two men? One man may carry it. Help it upon my shoulders and see."

As he proceeded with it, the wag kept exclaiming, "Zounds, how strong you are! I could not have thought it. Why, you are a Samson! There is not such another man in America. What amazing strength you have. But you will kill yourself! Pray put it down and rest a little, or let me bear a part of the weight."

"No, no," said he, being more encouraged by the compliments than oppressed by the burden; "you shall see that I can carry it quite home." And so he did.

The Whistle

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went

directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, and being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family.

My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing in my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle;* and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

Carrying the Head High

[Written to the son of Cotton Mather]

The last time I saw your father was in the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pennsylvania. He received me in his library, and on my taking leave showed me a shorter way out of the

house through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead.

We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly toward him, when he said hastily, "Stoop, stoop!"

I did not understand this, till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man that never missed the occasion of giving instruction, and upon this he said to me, "You are young, and have the world before you; STOOP as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps."

This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it, when I see pride mortified, and misfortune brought upon people by carrying their heads too high.

The Delusive Green Meadow

All human situations have their inconveniences; we *feel* those that we find in the present, and we neither *feel* nor *see* those that exist in another. Hence we make frequent and troublesome changes without amendment, and often for the worse.

In my youth I was passenger in a little sloop, descending the river Delaware. There being no wind, we were obliged, when the ebb was spent, to cast anchor, and wait for the next tide. The heat of the sun on the vessel was excessive, the company strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river side I saw what I took to be a pleasant green meadow, in the middle of

which was a large shady tree, where it struck my fancy I could sit and read (having a book in my pocket) and pass the time agreeably till the tide turned. I therefore prevailed with the captain to put me ashore.

Being landed, I found the greatest part of my meadow was really a marsh, in crossing which, to come at my tree, I was up to my knees in mire; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes, before the mosquitoes in swarms found me out, attacked my legs, hands, and face, and made my reading and my rest impossible; so that I returned to the beach, and called for the boat to come and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had strove to quit and also the laugh of the company.

Similar cases in the affairs of life have since frequently fallen under my observation.

An Ax to Grind

When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow!" said he. "Will you let me grind my ax on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettleful.

"How old are you? — and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I'm sure you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen. Will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang, and I could not get away. My hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant! Scud to the school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

It sank deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

ALFRED THE GREAT, THE GOOD SAXON KING

CHARLES DICKENS

Alfred the Great was a young man three and twenty years of age when he became king of England. Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going on pilgrimages, and once he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning, however, was so little cared for in those days that at twelve years of age he had not been taught to read, although he was the favorite son of King Ethelwulf.

But like most men who grew up to be great and good, he had an excellent mother. One day this lady, whose name was Osburga, happened, as she sat among her sons, to read a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long after that period. The book, which was written, was illuminated with beautiful, bright letters, richly painted.

The brothers admiring it very much, their mother said, "I will give it to that one of you who first learns to read."

Alfred sought out a tutor that very day, applied himself to learn with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

This great king, in the first year of his reign, fought nine battles with the Danes. He made some treaties with them, too, by which the false Danes swore that they would quit the country. They pretended that they had

taken a very solemn oath, but they thought nothing of breaking oaths and treaties, too, as soon as it suited their purpose, and of coming back again to fight, plunder and burn.

One fatal winter, in the fourth year of King Alfred's reign, the Danes spread themselves in great numbers over England. They so dispersed the king's soldiers that Alfred was left alone, and was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant, and to take refuge in the cottage of one of his cowherds, who did not know him.

Here King Alfred, while the Danes sought him far and near, was left alone one day by the cowherd's wife, to watch some cakes which she put to bake upon the hearth. But the king was at work upon his bow and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the false Danes when a brighter time should come. He was thinking deeply, too, of his poor, unhappy subjects, whom the Danes were chasing throughout the land. And so his noble mind forgot the cakes, and they were burnt.

"What!" said the cowherd's wife, who scolded him well when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the king. "You will be ready enough to eat them by and by; and yet you cannot watch them, idle dog!"

At length the Devonshire men made head against a new host of Danes who landed on their coast. They killed the Danish chief, and captured the famous flag,

on which was the likeness of a raven. The loss of this standard troubled the Danes greatly. They believed it to be enchanted, for it had been woven by the three daughters of their king in a single afternoon. And they had a story among themselves, that when they were victorious in battle, the raven would stretch his wings and seem to fly; and that when they were defeated, he would droop.

It was important to know how numerous the Danes were, and how they were fortified. And so King Alfred, being a good musician, disguised himself as a minstrel, and went with his harp to the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthrum, the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they feasted. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents, their arms, their discipline, — everything that he desired to know.

Right soon did this great king entertain them to a different tune. Summoning all his true followers to meet him at an appointed place, he put himself at their head, marched on the Danish camp, defeated the Danes, and besieged them fourteen days to prevent their escape.

But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, he then, instead of killing them, proposed peace, — on condition that they should all depart from that western part of England, and settle in the eastern. Guthrum was an honorable chief, and forever afterward he was loyal and faithful to the king. The Danes under him

were faithful, too. They plundered and burned no more, but plowed and sowed and reaped, and led good honest lives. And the children of those Danes played many a time with Saxon children in the sunny fields; and their elders, Danes and Saxons, sat by the red fire in winter, talking of King Alfred the Great.

But all the Danes were not like these under Guthrum. After some years, more of them came over in the old plundering, burning way. Among them was a fierce pirate named Hastings, who had the boldness to sail up the Thames River with eighty ships.

For three years there was war with these Danes; and there was a famine in the country, too, and a plague, upon both human creatures and beasts.

But King Alfred, whose mighty heart never failed him, built large ships, with which to pursue the pirates on the sea. He encouraged his soldiers by his brave example to fight valiantly against them on the shore. At last he drove them all away; and then there was repose in England.

As great and good in peace as he was great and good in war, King Alfred never rested from his labors to improve his people. He loved to talk with clever men, and with travelers from foreign countries, and to write down what they told him for his people to read. He had studied Latin after learning to read English. And now one of his labors was to translate Latin books into the English-Saxon tongue, that his people might be improved by reading them.

ALFRED THE GREAT
From the monument at Winchester

He made just laws that his people might live more happily and freely. He turned away all partial judges that no wrong might be done. He punished robbers so severely that it was a common thing to say that under the great King Alfred garlands of golden chains and jewels might have hung across the streets and no man would have touched them. He founded schools. He patiently heard causes himself in his court of justice. The great desires of his heart were, to do right to all his subjects, and to leave England better, wiser, and happier in all ways than he had found it.

His industry was astonishing. Every day he divided into portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had wax torches or candles made, all of the same size and notched across at regular distances. These candles were always kept burning, and as they burned down he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours upon the clock.

But it was found that the wind and draughts of air, blowing into the palace through the doors and windows, caused the candles to burn unequally. To prevent this the king had them put into cases formed of wood and white horn. And these were the first lanterns ever made in England.

King Alfred died in the year 901; but as long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are freshly remembered to the present hour.

OLD WINTER

Old winter is a sturdy one,
  And lasting stuff he's made of;
His flesh is firm as ironstone,
  There's nothing he's afraid of.

He spreads his coat upon the heath,
  Nor yet to warm it lingers;
He scouts the thought of aching teeth,
  Or chilblains on his fingers.

Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing,
  Full little cares or knows he;
He hates the fire, and hates the spring,
  And all that's warm and cosy.

But when the foxes bark aloud
  On frozen lake and river, —
When round the fire the people crowd,
  And rub their hands and shiver, —

When frost is splitting stone and wall,
  And trees come crashing after,
That hates he not, he loves it all, —
  Then bursts he out in laughter.

His home is by the North Pole's strand,
  Where earth and sea are frozen;
His summer-house, we understand,
  In Switzerland he's chosen.

Now from the North he's hither hied,
To show his strength and power;
And when he comes we stand aside,
And look at him and cower.

—*Author Unknown*

FROST-WORK

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

These winter nights, against my window-pane
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
Oak leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
Which he will shape when summer comes again.

Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,
Like curious Chinese etchings! . . . By and by
(I in my leafy garden as of old)
These frosty fantasies shall charm my eye
In azure, damask, emerald, and gold.

JANUARY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I block the roads, and drift the fields with snow;
I chase the wild fowl from the frozen fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.

THE BOY

EUGENE FIELD

Down through the snow-drifts in the street
With blustering joy he steers;
His rubber boots are full of feet
And his tippet full of ears.

THE LITTLE POST-BOY

BAYARD TAYLOR

This is the story of my adventure with a little post-boy, in the northern part of Sweden.

Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter on account of the intense cold. But I made my journey in the winter because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer sled can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold indeed the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest. I should have felt inclined to turn back more than once.

Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses, and sometimes vehicles are kept, but generally the traveler has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down until long after the stars came out, and then to get a warm supper in some post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire.

The cold increased a little every day, to be sure. At first the thermometer fell to zero; then it went down ten degrees below; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly; but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days. Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring back their father's horses, and so long as these lively red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before.

"There will be a storm soon," said my post-boy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I traveled onward as fast as possible.

There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. At seven o'clock in the evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles, before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. They had not expected any more travelers at the station and were not prepared. The keeper had gone on with two lumber-merchants; but his wife — a friendly, rosy-faced woman — prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat, upon which I made a satisfactory meal. The house was on the border of a large dark forest, and the roar of the icy northern wind in the trees seemed to increase while I waited in the warm room.

"It is a bad night," said the woman, "and my husband will certainly stay at Umea until morning. I think you will find him at the post-house when you get there. Lars will take you and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair

was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand and asked, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes, and smiled; and his mother made haste to say, "You need not fear, sir. Lars is young, but he'll take you safe enough. If the storm doesn't get worse, you'll be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

I was on the point of remaining; but while I was deliberating with myself, the boy had put on his overcoat of sheepskin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin and a thick woolen scarf around his nose and mouth so that only his round blue eyes were visible, and then his mother took down the mittens of hare's fur from the stove, where they had been hung up to dry. He put them on, took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together.

The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh soft hay, tucked in the reindeer skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat, making everything close and warm before we set out.

I could not see at all, when the door of the house was shut, and the horse started on the journey. The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the dark fir trees roared all around us. Lars however knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so constantly and so cheerfully, that after a while my own spirits began to rise, and the way seemed neither so long nor so disagreeable.

"Ho there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road, — not too far to the left. Well done. Here's a level; now trot a bit."

So we went on — sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill — for a long time as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs and fragments of hymns, as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed or even impatient. Whenever I asked (as I did about every five minutes), "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are; it's only one mile more." But one mile, you must remember, meant *seven*.

Lars checked the horse, and peered from side to side in the darkness. I looked also but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow

drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no plows out to-night we'll have trouble."

In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still. Lars and I arose from the seat and looked around. For my part I saw nothing except some very indistinct shapes of trees; there was no sign of an opening through them. In a few minutes the horse started again and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we should sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one."

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard smooth surface of the road; we could feel that the ground was uneven, and covered with roots and bushes.

Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled, and began wading around among the trees. Then I got out on the other side, but had not proceeded ten steps before I began to sink so deeply into the snow that I was glad to extricate myself and return. It was a desperate situation, and I wondered how we should ever get out of it.

I shouted to Lars, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he also came back to the sled.

"If I knew where the road is," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know; and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept I should soon be frozen.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lars cheerfully. "I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear hunt, last winter, up on the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we'll do it to-night."

"What was it?"

"Let me take care of Axel first," said Lars. "We can spare him some hay and one reindeer skin."

It was a slow and difficult task to unharness the horse, but we accomplished it at last. Lars then led him under the drooping branches of a fir tree, tied him to one of them, gave him an armful of hay, and fastened the reindeer skin upon his back. Axel began to eat, as if perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. The Norrland horses are so accustomed to cold that they seem comfortable in a temperature where one of ours would freeze.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side towards the wind. Then, lifting them on the other side,

he said, "Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay, and then creep under it."

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them. When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and so loosen our clothes that they would not feel tight upon any part of the body.

When this was done, and we lay close together, warming each other, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood. My hands and feet were no longer numb; a delightful feeling of comfort crept over me; and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

There was barely room for the two of us to lie, with no chance of turning over or rolling about. In five minutes, I think, we were sound asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day at home. In fact I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did Lars, though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep. But as I must have talked English and he Swedish, there could have been no connection between our remarks.

Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still, I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen up on his elbow and was peeping from under the skins.

"I think it must be near six o'clock," he said. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out immediately; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking, Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out thus early to plow the road. They had six pairs of horses geared to a wooden frame, something like the bow of a ship, pointed in front and spreading out to a breadth of ten or twelve feet. The machine not only cut through the drifts but packed the snow, leaving a good, solid road behind it.

After they had passed, we sped along merrily in the cold morning twilight and in little more than an hour had reached the post-house at Umea, where we found Lars' father prepared to return home. He waited, nevertheless, until Lars had eaten a good breakfast, when I said good-bye to both and went on towards Lapland.

Some weeks afterwards, on my return to Stockholm, I stopped at the same little station. This time the weather was mild and bright, and the father would have gone with me to the next post-house; but I preferred to take my little bed-fellow and sled-fellow. He was so quiet and cheerful and fearless that, although I had been nearly all over the world, and he had never been away from home,— although I was a man and he a young boy, — I felt that I had learned a lesson from him, and might probably learn many more if I should know him better.

We had a merry trip of two or three hours, and then I took leave of Lars forever. He is no doubt still driving travelers over the road, a handsome, courageous, honest-hearted young man, perhaps with his own son growing up to take his place, and help some later stranger like myself through a winter storm.

A PAGE OF RIDDLES

EDITH B. ORDWAY

1. What is that which belongs to yourself, yet it is used by every one more than yourself?

Your name.

2. What is it we all frequently say we will do, and no one has ever yet done?

Stop a minute.

3. What is the difference between the North and South Pole?

All the difference in the world.

4. Why are corn and potatoes like Egyptian idols?

Because they have ears which cannot hear, and eyes which cannot see.

5. What word is it of only three syllables which combines in it the twenty-six letters?

Alphabet.

6. What question is that to which you must positively answer yes?

What does *y-e-s* spell?

7. When is it a good thing to lose your temper?

When it is a bad one.

8. What is that which every living being has seen, but never will see again?

Yesterday.

9. What is the oldest piece of furniture in the world?

The multiplication table.

ALI BABA, OR THE FORTY THIEVES

I

In a town in Persia there lived two brothers, the sons of a poor man; the one was named Cassim, and the other Ali Baba. Cassim, the elder, married a wife with a considerable fortune, and lived at his ease, in a handsome house, with plenty of servants; but the wife of Ali Baba was as poor as himself; they dwelt in a mean cottage in the suburbs of the city, and he maintained his family by cutting wood in a neighboring forest.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and preparing to load his asses with the wood he had cut, he saw a troop of horsemen coming towards him. He had often heard of robbers who infested that forest, and, in a great fright, he hastily climbed a large thick tree, which stood near the foot of a rock, and hid himself among the branches. The horsemen soon galloped up to the rock, where they all dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and he had no doubt that they were thieves, by their ill-looking countenances.

Each man took a loaded portmanteau from his horse; and he who seemed to be their captain, turning to the rock, said, "Open Sesame," and immediately a door opened in the rock, and all the robbers passed in, when the door shut itself. In a short time the door opened again, and the forty robbers came out, followed by their captain, who said, "Shut Sesame." The door instantly

"Open Sesame"

closed; and the troop, mounting their horses, were presently out of sight.

Ali Baba remained in the tree a long time, and seeing that the robbers did not return, he ventured down, and, approaching close to the rock, said, "Open Sesame." Immediately the door flew open, and Ali Baba beheld a spacious cavern, very light, and filled with all sorts of possessions, — merchandise, rich stuffs, and heaps of gold and silver coin, which these robbers had taken from merchants and travelers. Ali Baba then went in search of his asses, and having brought them to the rock, took as many bags of gold coin as they could carry, and put them on their backs, covering them with some loose fagots of wood; and afterwards (not forgetting to say "Shut Sesame") he drove the asses back to the city; and having unloaded them in the stable belonging to his cottage, carried the bags into the house, and spread the gold coin out upon the floor before his wife.

His wife, delighted with possessing so much money, wanted to count it; but finding that it would take up too much time, she was resolved to measure it, and running to the house of Ali Baba's brother, she entreated them to lend her a small measure. Cassim's wife was very proud and envious: "I wonder," she said to herself, "what sort of grain such poor people can have to measure; but I am determined to find out what they are doing." So before she gave the measure, she artfully rubbed the bottom with some suet.

Away ran Ali Baba's wife, measured her money, and

having helped her husband to bury it in the yard, she carried back the measure to her brother-in-law's house, without perceiving that a piece of gold was left sticking to the bottom of it. "Fine doings, indeed!" cried Cassim's wife to her husband, after examining the measure, "your brother there, who pretends to be so poor, is richer than you are, for he does not count his money, but measures it."

Cassim, hearing these words, and seeing the piece of gold, grew as envious as his wife; and hastening to his brother, threatened to inform the Cadi of his wealth, if he did not confess to him how he came by it. Ali Baba without hesitation told him the history of the robbers, and the secret of the cave, and offered him half his treasure; but the envious Cassim disdained so poor a sum, resolving to have fifty times more than that out of the robbers' cave. Accordingly, he rose early the next morning, and set out with ten mules loaded with great chests. He found the rock easily enough by Ali Baba's description; and having said "Open Sesame," he gained admission into the cave, where he found more treasure than he had expected to behold even from his brother's account of it.

He immediately began to gather bags of gold and pieces of rich brocade, all which he piled close to the door; but when he had got together as much as his ten mules could possibly carry, or even more, and wanted to get out to load them, the thoughts of his wonderful riches had made him entirely forget the word which

caused the door to open. In vain he tried "Oats," "Rye," "Wheat," "Barley," and a thousand others; the door remained as immovable as the rock itself, notwithstanding Cassim kicked and screamed till he was ready to drop with fatigue and vexation. Presently he heard the sound of horses' feet, which he rightly concluded to be the robbers, and he trembled lest he should now fall a victim to his thirst for riches. He resolved, however, to make an effort to escape; and when he heard the "Sesame" pronounced, and saw the door open, he sprang out, but was instantly put to death by the swords of the robbers.

The thieves now held a council, but not one of them could possibly guess by what means Cassim had got into the cave. They saw the heaps of treasure he had piled ready to take away, but they did not miss what Ali Baba had secured before. At length they agreed to cut Cassim's body into four quarters, and hang the pieces within the cave, that it might terrify any one from further attempts; and also determined not to return themselves for some time to the cave, for fear of being watched and discovered.

When Cassim's wife saw night come on, and her husband not returned, she became greatly terrified; she watched at her window till daybreak, and then went to tell Ali Baba of her fears. Cassim had not informed him of his design of going to the cave; but Ali Baba, now hearing of his journey thither, went immediately in search of him. He drove his asses to the forest without

delay. He was alarmed to see blood near the rock; and on entering the cave, he found the body of his unfortunate brother cut to pieces, and hung up within the door. It was now too late to save him; but he took down the quarters, and put them upon one of his asses, covering them with fagots of wood; and, weeping for the miserable end of his brother, he regained the city. The door of his brother's house was opened by Morgiana, an intelligent, faithful female slave, who, Ali Baba knew, was worthy to be trusted with the secret.

He therefore delivered the body to Morgiana, and went himself to impart the sad tidings to the wife of Cassim. The poor woman was deeply afflicted, and reproached herself with her foolish envy and curiosity, as being the cause of her husband's death; but Ali Baba having convinced her of the necessity of being very discreet, she checked her lamentations, and resolved to leave everything to the management of Morgiana.

Morgiana, having washed the body, hastened to an apothecary's, and asked for some particular medicine; saying that it was for her master Cassim, who was dangerously ill. She took care to spread the report of Cassim's illness throughout the neighborhood; and as they saw Ali Baba and his wife going daily to the house of their brother, in great affliction, they were not surprised to hear shortly that Cassim had died of his disorder.

The next difficulty was to bury him without discovery; but Morgiana was ready to contrive a plan for that also. She put on her veil and went to a distant

part of the city very early in the morning, where she found a poor cobbler just opening his stall. She put a piece of gold into his hand, and told him he should have another, if he would suffer himself to be led blindfolded and go with her, carrying his tools with him.

Mustapha, the cobbler, hesitated at first, but the gold tempted him and he consented; when Morgiana, carefully covering his eyes, so that he could not see a step of the way, led him to Cassim's house; and taking him into the room where the body was lying, removed the bandage from his eyes, and bade him sew the mangled limbs together. Mustapha obeyed her order; and having received two pieces of gold, was led blindfolded the same way back to his own stall. Morgiana, then covering the body with a winding-sheet, sent for the undertaker to make preparations for the funeral; and Cassim was buried with all due solemnity the same day. Ali Baba now removed his few goods, and all the gold coin that he had brought home from the cavern, to the house of his deceased brother, of which he took possession; and Cassim's widow received every kind attention from both Ali Baba and his wife.

II

After an interval of some months, the troop of robbers again visited their retreat in the forest, and were completely astonished to find the body taken away from the cave, and everything else remaining in its usual order. "We are discovered," said the captain, "and shall cer-

tainly be undone, if you do not adopt speedy measures to prevent our ruin. Which of you, my brave comrades, will undertake to search out the villain who is in possession of our secret?"

One of the boldest of the troop advanced, and offered himself; and was accepted on the following conditions: namely, that if he succeeded in his enterprise, he was to be made second in command of the troop; but that if he brought false intelligence, he was immediately to be put to death. The bold robber readily agreed to the conditions; and having disguised himself, he proceeded to the city.

He arrived there about daybreak, and found the cobbler Mustapha in his stall, which was always open before any other shop in the town. "Good morrow, friend," said the robber, as he passed the stall, "you rise betimes. I should think, old as you are, you could scarcely see to work by this light."

"Indeed, sir," replied the cobbler, "old as I am, I do not want for good eyesight; as you must needs believe, when I tell you I sewed a dead body together the other day, where I had not so good a light as I have now."

"A dead body!" exclaimed the robber; "you mean, I suppose, that you sewed up the winding-sheet for a dead body."

"I mean no such thing," replied Mustapha; "I tell you that I sewed the four quarters of a man together."

This was enough to convince the robber he had luckily met with the very man who could give him the informa-

tion he was in search of. However, he did not wish to appear eager to learn the particulars, lest he should alarm the cobbler. "Ha! ha!" said he, "I find, good Mr. Cobbler, that you perceive I am a stranger here, and you wish to make me believe that the people of your city do impossible things."

"I tell you," said Mustapha, in a loud and angry tone, "I sewed a dead body together with my own hands."

"Then I suppose you can tell me also where you performed this wonderful business." Upon this, Mustapha related every particular of his being led blindfold to the house, and of what had happened there.

"Well, my friend," said the robber, "'tis a fine story, I confess, but not very easy to believe: however, if you will convince me by showing me the house you talk of, I will give you four pieces of gold to make amends for my unbelief."

"I think," said the cobbler, after considering awhile, "that if you were to blindfold me, I should remember every turning we made; but with my eyes open I am sure I should never find it." Accordingly the robber covered Mustapha's eyes with his handkerchief; and the cobbler led him through most of the principal streets, and stopping by Cassim's door, said, "Here it is. I went no farther than this house."

The robber immediately marked the door with a piece of chalk; and, giving Mustapha his four pieces of gold, dismissed him. Shortly after the thief and Mustapha had quitted the door, Morgiana, coming home from

market, perceived the little mark of white chalk on the door. Suspecting something was wrong, she directly marked four doors on one side and five on the other of her master's, in exactly the same manner, without saying a word to any one.

The robber meantime rejoined his troop, and boasted greatly of his success. His captain and comrades praised his diligence; and being well armed, they proceeded to the town in different disguises, and in separate parties of three and four together.

It was agreed among them, that they were to meet in the market place at the dusk of evening; and that the captain and the robber who had discovered the house were to go there first, to find out to whom it belonged. Accordingly, being arrived in the street, and having a lantern with them, they began to examine the doors, and found to their confusion and astonishment, that ten doors were marked exactly alike. The robber, who was the captain's guide, could not say a word in explanation of this mystery; and when the disappointed troop got back to the forest, his enraged companions ordered him to be put to death.

Another now offered himself upon the same conditions as the former; and having bribed Mustapha, and discovered the house, he made a mark with the dark red chalk upon the door, in a part that was not in the least conspicuous; and carefully examined the surrounding doors, to be certain that no such marks were upon them. But nothing could escape the prying eyes of Morgiana.

Scarcely had the robber departed, when she discovered the red mark; and getting some red chalk, she marked seven doors on each side, precisely in the same place and in the same manner. The robber, valuing himself highly upon the precautions he had taken, triumphantly conducted his captain to the spot; but great indeed was his confusion and dismay, when he found it impossible to say which, among fifteen houses marked exactly alike, was the right one. The captain, furious with his disappointment, returned again with the troop to the forest; and the second robber was also condemned to death.

The captain, having lost two of his troop, judged that their hands were more active than their heads in such services; and he resolved to employ no other of them, but go himself upon the business. Accordingly he repaired to the city and addressed himself to the cobbler Mustapha, who, for six pieces of gold, readily performed the services for him he had done for the other two strangers; and the captain, much wiser than his men, did not amuse himself with setting a mark upon the door, but attentively considered the house, counted the number of windows, and passed by it very often, to be certain that he should know it again.

He then returned to the forest, and ordered his troop to go into the town, and buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight large jars, one full of oil and the rest empty. In two or three days the jars were bought, and all things in readiness; and the captain, having put a man into

MORGIANA MARKS THE DOORS

each jar, properly armed, the jars being rubbed on the outside with oil, and the covers having holes bored in them for the men to breathe through, loaded his mules, and in the habit of an oil-merchant, entered the town in the dusk of the evening. He went to the street where Ali Baba dwelt, and found him sitting in the porch of his house. "Sir," said he to Ali Baba, "I have brought this oil a great way to sell, and am too late for to-day's market. As I am quite a stranger in this town, will you do me the favor to let me put my mules into your court-yard, and direct me where I may lodge to-night?"

Ali Baba, who was a very good-natured man, welcomed the pretended oil-merchant very kindly, and offered him a bed in his own house; and having ordered the mules to be unloaded in the yard, and properly fed, he invited his guest in to supper. The captain, having seen the jars placed ready in the yard, followed Ali Baba into the house, and after supper was shown to the chamber where he was to sleep.

It happened that Morgiana was obliged to sit up later that night than usual, to get ready her master's bathing linen for the following morning; and while she was busy about the fire, her lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house. After considering what she could possibly do for a light, she recollected the thirty-eight oil jars in the yard, and determined to take a little oil out of one of them for her lamp. She took her oil pot in her hand, and approached the first jar; the robber within said, "Is it time, captain?"

Any other slave, on hearing a man in an oil jar, would have screamed out; but the prudent Morgiana instantly recollected herself, and replied softly, "No, not yet; lie still till I call you."

She passed on to every jar, receiving the same question and making the same answer, till she came to the last, which was really filled with oil.

Morgiana was now convinced that this was a plot of the robbers to murder her master, Ali Baba; so she ran back to the kitchen, and brought out a large kettle, which she filled with oil, and set it on a great wood fire; and as soon as it boiled she went and poured into the jars sufficient of the boiling oil to kill every man within them. Having done this she put out her fire and her lamp, and crept softly to her chamber.

The captain of the robbers, finding everything quiet in the house, and perceiving no light anywhere, arose and went down into the yard to assemble his men. Coming to the first jar, he felt the steam of the boiled oil; he ran hastily to the rest, and found every one of his troop put to death in the same manner. Full of rage and despair at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door that led into the garden and made his escape over the walls.

On the following morning, Morgiana related to her master, Ali Baba, his wonderful deliverance from the pretended oil-merchant and his gang of robbers. Ali Baba at first could scarcely credit her tale; but when he saw the robbers dead in the jars, he could not suf-

ficiently praise her courage and sagacity; and without letting any one else into the secret, he and Morgiana the next night buried the thirty-seven thieves in a deep trench at the bottom of the garden. The jars and mules, as he had no use for them, were sent from time to time to the different markets and sold.

III

While Ali Baba took these measures to prevent his and Cassim's adventures in the forest from being known, the captain returned to his cave, and for some time abandoned himself to grief and despair. At length, however, he determined to adopt a new scheme for the destruction of Ali Baba. He removed by degrees all the valuable merchandise from the cave to the city, and took a shop exactly opposite to Ali Baba's house. He furnished this shop with everything that was rare and costly, and went by the name of the merchant Cogia Hassan. Many persons made acquaintance with the stranger; among others, Ali Baba's son went every day to the shop. The pretended Cogia Hassan soon appeared to be very fond of Ali Baba's son, offered him many presents, and often detained him at dinner, on which occasions he treated him in the handsomest manner.

Ali Baba's son thought it was necessary to make some return to these civilities, and pressed his father to invite Cogia Hassan to supper. Ali Baba made no objection, and the invitation was accordingly given. The artful

Cogia Hassan would not too hastily accept this invitation, but pretended he was not fond of going into company, and that he had business which demanded his presence at home. These excuses only made Ali Baba's son the more eager to take him to his father's house; and after repeated solicitations, the merchant consented to sup at Ali Baba's house the next evening.

A most excellent supper was provided, which Morgiana cooked in the best manner, and as was her usual custom, she carried in the first dish herself. The moment she looked at Cogia Hassan, she knew he was the pretended oil-merchant. The prudent Morgiana did not say a word to any one of this discovery, but sent the other slaves into the kitchen, and waited at table herself; and while Cogia Hassan was drinking, she perceived he had a dagger hid under his coat.

When supper was ended, Morgiana went away and dressed herself as a dancing girl; she next called Abdalla, a fellow slave, to play on his tabor while she danced. As soon as she appeared at the parlor door, her master, who was fond of seeing her dance, ordered her to entertain his guest with some of her best dancing. Cogia Hassan was not very well satisfied with this entertainment, yet was compelled, for fear of discovering himself, to seem pleased with the dancing, while, in fact, he wished Morgiana a great way off, and was quite alarmed, lest he should lose his opportunity of murdering Ali Baba and his son.

Morgiana danced several dances with the utmost

grace and agility; and then drawing a poniard from her girdle, she performed many surprising things with it, sometimes presenting the point to one and sometimes to another, and then seemed to strike it into her own bosom. Suddenly she paused, and holding the poniard in the right hand, presented her left to her master as if begging some money; upon which Ali Baba and his son each gave her a small piece of money. She then turned to the pretended Cogia Hassan, and while he was putting his hand into his purse, she plunged the poniard into his heart.

"Wretch!" cried Ali Baba, "thou hast ruined me and my family."

"No, sir," replied Morgiana, "I have preserved, and not ruined you and your son. Look well at this traitor, and you will find him to be the pretended oil-merchant who came once before to rob and murder you." Ali Baba, having pulled off the turban and the cloak which the false Cogia Hassan wore, discovered that he was not only the pretended oil-merchant, but the captain of the forty robbers who had slain his brother Cassim; nor could he doubt that his perfidious aim had been to destroy him, and probably his son, with the concealed dagger.

Ali Baba, who felt the new obligation he owed to Morgiana for thus saving his life a second time, embraced her and said, "My dear Morgiana, I give you your liberty; but my gratitude must not stop there: I will also marry you to my son, who can esteem and

admire you no less than does his father." Then turning to his son, he added, "You, my son, will not refuse the wife I offer; for, in marrying Morgiana, you take to wife the preserver and benefactor of yourself and family." The son, far from showing any dislike, readily and joyfully accepted his proposed bride, having long entertained an affection for the good slave Morgiana.

Having rejoiced in their deliverance, they buried the captain that night with great privacy, in the trench along with his troop of robbers; and a few days afterwards, Ali Baba celebrated the marriage of his son and Morgiana with a sumptuous entertainment; and every one who knew Morgiana said she was worthy of her good fortune, and highly commended her master's generosity toward her.

During a twelvemonth Ali Baba forbore to go near the forest, but at length his curiosity incited him to make another journey. When he came to the cave he saw no footsteps of either men or horses; and having said, "Open Sesame," he went in, and judged by the state of things deposited in the cavern, that no one had been there since the pretended Cogia Hassan had removed the merchandise to his shop in the city. Ali Baba took as much gold home as his horse could carry; and afterwards he carried his son to the cave, and taught him the secret. This secret they handed down to their posterity; and using their good fortune with moderation, they lived in honor and splendor, and served with dignity some of the chief offices in the city.

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP

I

Aladdin was the son of Mustapha, a poor tailor in one of the rich provinces of China. When the boy was old enough to learn a trade his father took him into his own workshop. But Aladdin, being but an idle fellow, loved play more than work, and spent his days in playing in the public streets with other boys as idle as himself. His father died while he was yet very young; but he still continued his foolish ways, and his mother was forced to spin cotton night and day in order to keep herself and him.

When he was about fifteen years old, he was one day playing in the streets with some of his companions. A stranger who was going by stopped and looked at him. This stranger was a famous African magician, who, having need of the help of some ignorant person, no sooner beheld Aladdin than he knew by his whole air, manner, and appearance that he was a person of small prudence, and very fit to be made a tool of. The magician then artfully inquired of some persons standing near, the name and character of Aladdin, and the answers proved to him that he had judged rightly of the boy.

The stranger, now pressing in among the crowd of lads, clapped his hand on Aladdin's shoulder, and said, "My good lad, art thou not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?"

"Yes, sir," said Aladdin; "but my father has been dead this long time."

"Alas!" cried he, "what unhappy news! I am thy father's brother, child. I have been many years abroad; and now that I have come home in the hope of seeing him, you tell me he is dead?" And all the while tears ran down the stranger's cheek and his bosom heaved with sighs. Then, pulling out a purse, he gave Aladdin two pieces of gold.

"Take this, my boy," said he, "to your mother. Tell her that I will come and see her to-night, and sup with her."

Pleased with the money, Aladdin ran home to his mother. "Mother," said he, "have I an uncle?" His mother told him he had not, whereupon Aladdin pulled out his gold and told her that a man who said he was his father's brother was coming to sup with her that very evening.

Full of bewilderment, the good woman set out at once for the market, where she bought provisions, and was busy preparing the supper when the magician knocked at the door. He entered, followed by a porter bringing all kinds of delicious fruits and sweetmeats for the dessert.

As soon as they sat down to supper he gave Aladdin's mother an account of his travels, saying that for forty years he had been from home, in order to see the wonders of distant countries. Then, turning toward Aladdin, he asked his name.

"I am called Aladdin," said he.

"Well, Aladdin," replied the magician, "what business do you follow?"

At this question Aladdin hung down his head, and was not a little abashed when his mother made answer, "Aladdin is an idle fellow; his father strove all he could to teach him his trade, but could not succeed; and since his death, in spite of all I can say to him, he does nothing but idle away his time in the streets, so that I despair of his ever coming to any good."

With these words the poor woman burst into tears, and the magician, turning to Aladdin, said, "This is not well, nephew; you must think of getting your livelihood, and I will help you as far as I may. What think you, shall I take a shop and furnish it for you?"

Aladdin was overjoyed at the idea, for he thought there was very little labor in keeping a shop, and he told his uncle this would suit him better than anything else.

"I will take you with me to-morrow," said the magician, "clothe you as handsomely as the best merchants in the city, and then we will open a shop."

Aladdin's mother thanked him very heartily, and begged Aladdin to behave so as to prove himself worthy of the good fortune promised by his kind uncle.

Next day the stranger called for Aladdin as he had promised, and led him to a merchant's, where ready-made clothes, suited for all sorts of people, were sold. Then he caused Aladdin to try on the handsomest

suits, and choosing the one Aladdin preferred, he paid the merchant for it at once. The pretended uncle then took Aladdin to visit the bazaars where the foreign merchants were, and the most splendid mosques, and gave him a merry feast in the evening.

The next morning Aladdin got up and dressed himself very early, so impatient was he to see his uncle. Presently he saw him coming, and ran to meet him. The magician greeted him very kindly. "Come, my good boy," he said with a smile; "I will to-day show you some very fine things."

He then led him through some beautiful gardens with great houses standing in the midst of them. Aladdin did nothing but exclaim again and again at their beauty, and so his uncle led him on farther and farther into the country.

"We shall now," said he to Aladdin, "go no farther, and I shall here show you some extraordinary wonders that no one besides yourself will ever have seen. I am now going to strike a light, and do you, in the meantime, collect all the dry sticks and leaves that you can find, in order to make a fire."

There were so many pieces of dry sticks scattered about this place that Aladdin collected more than enough, by the time the magician had lighted his match. He then set them on fire, and as soon as they were in a blaze he threw a certain perfume, that he had ready in his hand, upon them. A dense smoke rose up, while the magician spoke some mysterious

words. At the same instant the ground slightly shook, and, opening in the spot where they stood, showed a square stone about a foot and a half across, with a brass ring in the center.

Aladdin was frightened out of his wits, and was about to run away, when the African suddenly gave him a box on the ear so violent as to beat him down and very nearly to knock some of his teeth out. Poor Aladdin, with tears in his eyes and trembling in every limb, got up. "My dear uncle," he cried, "what have I done to deserve so severe a blow?"

"I have good reasons for it," replied the magician. "Do you but obey me, and you will not repent of it. Underneath that stone is a great hidden treasure, which will make you richer than many kings if you will be attentive to what I shall say to you."

Aladdin had now got the better of his fright.

"Well," said he, "what must I do? Tell me; I am ready to obey you in everything!"

"Well said!" replied the magician; "come to me, then; take hold of this ring, and lift up the stone."

To Aladdin's surprise, the stone was raised without trouble, and then he could see a small opening between three and four feet deep, at the bottom of which was a little door, with steps to go down still lower.

"You must now," said the magician, "go down into this cavern, and when you have come to the bottom of the steps, you will see an open door which leads into three great halls. In each of these you will see, on both

sides of you, four bronze vases as large as tubs, full of gold and silver, but you must not touch any of it.

"When you get to the first hall, bind your robe round you. Then go to the second without stopping, and from thence in the same manner to the third. Above all, be very particular not to go near the walls nor even to touch them with your robe; for if any part of your dress should chance to touch them, your instant death will be the consequence. At the far end of the third there is a door leading to a garden planted with beautiful trees, all of which are full of fruit. Go on straight forward, and follow a path which you will see, and which will bring you to the bottom of a flight of fifty steps, at the top of which there is a terrace.

"There you will see a niche, and in it a lighted lamp. Take the lamp and extinguish it. Then throw out the wick and the liquid that is within, and put it in your bosom. If you should wish very much to gather any of the fruit in the garden, you may do so; and there is nothing to prevent your taking as much as you please."

When the magician had given these directions to Aladdin, he took off a ring which he had on one of his fingers, and put it on his pretended nephew, telling him, at the same time, that it was to secure him against every evil that might otherwise happen to him.

"Go, my child," added he; "descend boldly. We shall now both of us become immensely rich for the rest of our lives."

II

Aladdin gave a spring, jumped into the opening with a willing mind, and went down to the bottom of the steps. He found the three halls exactly as the magician had said. He passed through them with the greatest care, being fearful that he might be killed if he were careless. He went on to the garden, and mounted to the terrace without stopping. He took the lamp, as it stood lighted in the niche, threw out its contents, and put it into his bosom.

He then returned to the garden to look at the fruit, which he had seen as he passed along. The trees of this garden were all full of the most extraordinary fruit. Each tree bore fruits of a different color.

The white were pearls; the sparkling and transparent were diamonds; the deep red were rubies; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the violet, amethysts; those tinged with yellow, sapphires. All were of the largest size, and more perfect than were ever seen in the whole world. Aladdin was not yet of an age to know their value, and thought they were all only pieces of colored glass.

The variety, however, and brilliancy and extraordinary size of each sort, nevertheless tempted him to gather some of each; and he took so many of every color that he filled both his pockets, as well as his two new purses that the magician had bought for him at the time he made him a present of his new dress; and as his pockets, which were already full, could not hold

his two purses, he fastened them on each side of his girdle, or sash, and also wrapped some in its folds, as it was of silk and made very full. In this manner he carried them so that they could not fall out. He did not forget to fill even his bosom quite full.

Laden in this manner with the most immense treasure, though ignorant of its value, Aladdin made haste through the three halls, in order that he might not make the African magician wait too long. Having passed through them with the same caution as before, he began to ascend the steps he had come down, and reached the entrance of the cave, where the magician was impatiently waiting.

When Aladdin saw his uncle he called to him, "Help me up!"

"You had better, my dear boy," replied the magician, "first give me the lamp, as that will only hinder you."

"It is not at all in my way," said Aladdin, "and I will give it you when I am out."

The magician still persevered in wishing to get the lamp before he helped Aladdin out of the cave; but the latter had in fact so covered it with the fruit of the trees that he absolutely refused to give it. The African magician was in the greatest despair at the obstinate resistance the boy made, and fell into the most violent rage.

He then threw some perfume on the fire, and had hardly spoken two magic words, before the stone, which served to shut up the entrance to the cavern,

returned of its own accord to the place, with all the earth over it, exactly in the same state as it was when the magician and Aladdin first arrived there.

When Aladdin found himself buried alive, he called aloud a thousand times to his uncle, telling him he was ready to give him the lamp. But all his cries were useless, and, having no other means of making himself heard, he remained in perfect darkness.

Finally he went down to the bottom of the stairs, intending to go toward the light in the garden, where he had before been. But the walls, which had been opened by enchantment, were now shut by the same means. He felt all around him several times, but could not discover the least opening. He then redoubled his cries and tears, and sat down upon the step of his dungeon, without the least hope ever again to see the light of day.

Aladdin remained two days in this state, neither eating nor drinking. On the third day, feeling that his death was near, he lifted up his hands, and joining them as in the act of prayer, he said in a loud tone of voice, "There is no strength or power but in the great and high Heavens." In this act of joining his hands, he happened, without thinking of it, to rub the ring which the magician had put upon his finger, and of the power of which he knew nothing.

Upon its being thus rubbed, a Genie of enormous figure, and horrid countenance, instantly rose out of the earth before him. He was so extremely tall that

his head touched the roof, and he addressed these words to Aladdin, "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you as your slave; as the slave of him who has the ring on his finger, both I and the other slaves of the ring."

Weak and terrified, and scarcely daring to hope, Aladdin cried, "Whoever you are, take me, if you are able, out of this place!"

Scarcely had he said it, when he found himself on the outside of the cave, at the very spot where the magician had left him. Scarcely daring to believe his good fortune, he rose up trembling, and seeing the city lying at some distance, made his way back by the same road over which he had come. A long weary road he found it to his mother's door, and when he reached it he was fainting from hunger and fatigue.

His mother, however, whose heart had been almost broken by the loss of him, received him kindly and joyfully, and refreshed him with food. When he was better again he told his mother all, and showed her the lamp and the colored fruits and the wonderful ring on his finger. His mother, however, thought little of the jewels, as she was quite ignorant of their value; so Aladdin put them all behind one of the cushions of the sofa on which they were sitting.

Next morning, when Aladdin awoke, his first words were that he was very hungry, and would like some breakfast.

"Alas, my child," replied his mother, "I have not a

morsel of bread to give you. You ate last night all the food in the house. However, I have a little cotton of my own spinning. I will go and sell it, and buy something for our dinner."

"Keep your cotton, mother," said Aladdin, "for another time, and give me the lamp which I brought with me yesterday. I will go and sell that, and the money will serve us for breakfast and dinner too, nay, perhaps also for supper."

Aladdin's mother took the lamp from the place she had put it.

"Here it is," she said to her son; "but it is, I think, very dirty; if I were to clean it a little, perhaps it might sell for something more."

She then took some water and a little fine sand to clean it with. But she had scarcely begun to rub this lamp, when instantly a hideous and gigantic Genie rose out of the ground before her, and cried with a voice as loud as thunder, "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you as your slave, and the slave of those who have the lamp in their hands, both I and the other slaves of the lamp."

Aladdin's mother was terrified; but Aladdin, who had seen the Genie in the cavern, did not lose his presence of mind. Seizing the lamp, he answered in a firm tone of voice, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat."

The Genie disappeared, and returned a moment after with a large silver basin, which he carried on his head, and twelve covered dishes of the same material, filled

with the nicest meats, properly arranged, and six loaves as white as snow upon as many plates, and two silver cups in his hands. He placed them all upon the table, and instantly vanished.

When Aladdin's mother had recovered from her fright, they both sat down to their meal, in the greatest delight imaginable, for never before had they eaten such delicate meats or seen such splendid dishes.

The remains of this feast provided them with food for some days, and when it was all gone Aladdin sold the silver dishes one by one for their support. In this way they lived happily for some years, for Aladdin had been sobered by his adventure, and now behaved with the greatest wisdom and prudence. He took care to visit the principal shops and public places, speaking only with wise and prudent persons; and in this way he gathered much wisdom, and grew to be a courteous and handsome youth, besides.

III

One day Aladdin told his mother that he intended to ask the Sultan to give him his daughter in marriage.

"Truly, my son," said his mother, "you seem to have forgotten that your father was but a poor tailor; and indeed, I do not know who will dare to go and speak to the Sultan about it."

"You yourself must," said he, decidedly.

"I!" cried his mother, in the greatest surprise; "I go to the Sultan! Not I, indeed; I will take care how I

am joined to such folly. You know very well that no one can make any demand of the Sultan without bringing a rich present, and where shall such poor folk as we find such a one?"

Thereupon Aladdin told his mother that while talking with the merchants in the bazaar he had learned to know the value of their gems, and for a long time he had known that nothing which they had in their shops was half so fine as those jewels he had brought home from the enchanted cave. So his mother took them from the drawer where they had lain hid, and put them in a dish of fine porcelain.

Aladdin's mother, now sure that her son's gift was one that could not fail to please the Sultan, at last agreed to do everything as her son wished. She took the porcelain dish, in which the present of jewels was, and folded it up in a very fine linen cloth. She then took another less fine, and tied the four corners of it together, that she might carry it with less trouble. She afterwards set out, to the great joy of Aladdin, and took the road toward the palace of the Sultan.

Trembling, she told the Sultan of her son's boldness, and begged his mercy for Aladdin and for herself. The Sultan heard her kindly, then before giving her any answer, he asked her what she had with her so carefully tied up in a linen cloth. Aladdin's mother unfolded the cloths, and humbly laid the jewels before him.

It is impossible to express the surprise which this monarch felt when he saw before him such a quan-

tity of the most precious, perfect, and brilliant jewels, the size of which was greater than any he had before seen. For some moments he gazed at them, speechless. When, however, he began to recollect himself, he took the present from the hand of Aladdin's mother, and exclaimed, in a transport of joy, "Ah! how very beautiful, how extremely rich!"

Then turning to his grand vizier, he showed him the gems and talked privately to him for some minutes. Then to Aladdin's mother he said, "My good woman, I will indeed make your son happy by marrying him to the Princess my daughter, as soon as he shall send me forty large basins of massive gold, quite full of the same sort of things which you have already presented me with from him, brought by an equal number of black slaves, each of whom shall be led by a white slave, young, well-made, handsome, and richly dressed. These are the conditions upon which I am ready to bestow upon him the Princess, my daughter. Go, my good woman, and I will wait till you bring me his answer."

Full of disappointment, Aladdin's mother made her way home, and told her son the news of the Sultan's strange wish. But Aladdin only smiled, and when his mother had gone out, he took the lamp and rubbed it, when the Genie instantly appeared, and Aladdin commanded him to lose no time in bringing the present which the Sultan had wished for. The Genie said that his commands should be at once obeyed, and then disappeared.

In a very short time the Genie returned with forty black slaves, each carrying upon his head a large golden basin of great weight, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, quite as fine as the others. Each basin was covered with a cloth of silver, embroidered with flowers of gold. All these slaves with their golden basins, together with the white ones, entirely filled the house, which was but small, as well as the court in front and a garden behind it.

Aladdin's mother now came back and almost fainted when she saw this great crowd and all its magnificence, but Aladdin desired her at once to follow the procession of slaves to the palace, and present to the Sultan the dowry of the Princess.

The astonishment of the Sultan at the sight of all these riches and splendor is hardly to be imagined. After gazing upon the slaves with their shining heaps of jewels, he said to Aladdin's mother, "Go, my good woman, and tell your son that I am waiting with open arms to embrace him!"

Aladdin was so delighted with this news that he could hardly answer his mother, and, hastening to his chamber, he shut the door, and, having summoned the Genie, he was dressed in garments that shone like the sun. The Genie brought him, moreover, a splendid charger and twenty slaves to march on either side of him on the way to the Sultan's palace, all holding purses of gold to scatter among the people.

If there had been a crowd before, there was ten

BRINGING PART OF ALADDIN'S TREASURE

times as great a one now to watch Aladdin as he rode to the Sultan's palace, and to pick up the gold pieces which were showered by his slaves as he went. The Sultan came down from his throne to greet him, and all was feasting and joy in the palace.

After the feast the judge drew up a contract of marriage between Aladdin and the Princess Badroulbadour. When this was done, the Sultan asked Aladdin if he wished to remain in the palace and complete all the ceremonies that day.

"Sire," he replied, "however impatient I may be to have entire possession of all your majesty's bounties, I beg you to permit me to wait until I shall have built a palace to receive the Princess in, that shall be worthy of her; and for this purpose, I request that you will have the goodness to point out a suitable place for it near your own, that I may always be ready to pay my court to your majesty. I will then neglect nothing to get it finished with all possible diligence."

"My son," answered the Sultan, "take the open space before my palace; I have thought lately about filling it up; but remember that, to have my happiness complete, I cannot see you united too soon to my daughter." Having said this, he again embraced Aladdin, who now took leave of the Sultan in as polished a manner as if he had been brought up at Court.

As soon as Aladdin reached home, he again summoned the Genie and commanded him to build instantly the most gorgeous palace ever seen, on the spot

of ground given by the Sultan. Early the next morning the Genie appeared. "Sir," said he, "your palace is finished; see if it is as you wish."

Words cannot paint the astonishment of the Sultan and all his household at seeing this gorgeous palace shining in the place which they had been used to see empty and bare. The Princess was rejoiced at the sight, and her marriage with Aladdin was held the same day, and their happiness was the greatest possible.

IV

For some months they lived thus, Aladdin showing great kindness to the poor of the city, and pleasing all by his generosity.

About this time his old enemy, the African magician, found out by some of his magic arts that Aladdin was enormously rich and much beloved and respected, instead of being, as he had supposed, dead in the enchanted cave. He was filled with rage, and, vowing to destroy Aladdin, he immediately set out for China. On arriving there he went to one of the principal bazaars and there began talking about Aladdin and the wonders of his palace. In this way he learned that Aladdin had gone hunting, and was not expected home for three or four days.

The magician bought a dozen of shining new lamps, put them in a basket, and then set out for Aladdin's palace. As he came near it he cried out, "Who will change old lamps for new ones?"

When he came under the Princess's windows, all the slaves attending on her ran to look into the street.

"Oh!" said one of the slaves, "come, let us try if the old fool means what he says; there is an ugly old lamp lying in the cornice of the hall with twenty-four windows. We will put a new one in its place, if the old fellow is really in earnest."

The Princess having given leave, away ran one of the slaves with the lamp to the magician, who willingly gave her the best he had among his new ones.

As soon as night arrived, he summoned the Genie of the lamp and commanded him to transport him, the palace, and the Princess to the remotest corner of Africa. The order was instantly obeyed.

The confusion and grief of the Sultan were terrible when he found the palace vanished and his daughter lost. The people ran in fear through the streets, and the soldiers were sent in search of Aladdin, who had not yet returned from hunting.

Aladdin was soon met with and dragged before the Sultan like a criminal. He would have been beheaded had not the Sultan been afraid to enrage the people, by whom he was much loved.

"Go, wretch!" cried the Sultan; "I grant thee thy life; but if ever thou appearest before me again death shall overtake thee, unless in forty days thou bringest me tidings of my daughter."

Aladdin, wretched and downfallen, left the palace, not knowing whither to turn his steps. At length

he stopped at a brook to bathe his eyes, that smarted with tears. As he stooped, his foot slipped, and, catching hold of a piece of rock to save himself from falling, he pressed the magician's ring, which he still wore on his finger, and the Genie of the ring appeared before him, saying, "What would'st thou have?"

"O Genie," cried Aladdin, "bring my palace back to the place where yesterday it stood!"

"What you command," replied the Genie, "is not in my power; you must address yourself to the Genie of the lamp for that service."

"Then I command thee," said Aladdin, "to transport me to the place where now it stands."

Instantly Aladdin found himself beside his own palace, which stood in a meadow not far from a strange city; and the Princess Badroulbadour was then walking in her own chamber, weeping for his loss. Happening to come near to the window, she saw Aladdin under it, and making a sign to him to keep silence, she sent a slave to bring him in by a private door. The Princess and her husband having kissed each other, and shed many tears, Aladdin said, "Tell me, my Princess, what has become of an old lamp which I left on the cornice of the hall of four-and-twenty windows?"

The Princess then told how her slave had exchanged it for a new one, and said that the tyrant in whose power she was, always carried that very lamp in his bosom. Aladdin was then sure that this person was no other than his old enemy, the African magician.

After talking a long while, they hit upon a plan for getting back the lamp. Aladdin went into the city in the disguise of a slave, where he bought a powder, and then the Princess invited the magician to sup with her. As she had never been so polite to him before, he was delighted; and while they were at table, she ordered a slave to bring two cups of wine, one of which she had prepared by mixing in the powder, and after pretending to taste the one she held in her hand, she asked the magician to change cups, as was the custom in China. He joyfully seized the goblet, and drinking it all at a draught, fell senseless on the floor.

Aladdin was at hand to snatch the lamp from his bosom; and hastily rubbing it, he summoned the Genie, who instantly transported the palace and all it contained back to the place whence they had come.

Some hours after, the Sultan, who had risen at break of day to give way to his grief, went to the window to look at the spot which he expected to see vacant, and there to his unspeakable joy, he saw Aladdin's palace shining in its place. He summoned his guards and hastened to embrace his daughter; and during a whole week there was nothing but the sound of drums, trumpets, cymbals, and all kinds of music and feasting in honor of Aladdin's return with the Princess.

Some time after this, the Sultan died, and Aladdin and the Princess Babroulbadour ascended the throne. They reigned together over a prosperous people for many years, and left many noble sons and daughters.

LINCOLN AT SCHOOL

CHARLES W. MOORES

As schools were rare and the need to labor pressing, Abraham Lincoln's whole school life covered less than a single year. Many of his teachers knew but little more than their pupils. But some of them, though possessed of scanty book-learning, had what was better, a knowledge of the outside world and a public spirit that made them leaders of men.

A mile and a half from the Lincoln home a school was taught for a year or two by one of these men of affairs, Azel W. Dorsey. Mr. Dorsey's little schoolhouse had windowpanes of greased paper and a floor of split log puncheon. Here the boy Lincoln, now ten years old, attended for a few months. Here he learned better how to use the few books that came into his possession. Here he met all the other children for miles around and engaged with them in reading matches and spelling contests; but, best of all, he learned from Azel Dorsey, the man of affairs, that no man has a right to be so busy with his own interests that he forgets his duty to his neighborhood and to the State.

Four years passed before he went to school again. This time the course of study added manners to the three standard subjects, reading, writing, and arithmetic. The teacher, Andrew Crawford, who afterwards rose to the dignity of a justice of the peace in Spencer County, stood at the door and sent the children

outside one at a time to come in and be presented to the others after the fashion of polite society. We can picture to ourselves the awkward Lincoln boy, now six feet two inches in height, as he lifted his coonskin cap and tried to hide his blushes and his laughter in his effort to learn politeness. These lessons in manners, like all other lessons, he remembered, until, in the greater world of Springfield and of Washington, people wondered how a man so ungainly and so poorly dressed seemed never to forget to be a gentleman.

To attend the next school, taught by a Mr. Swaney, Lincoln, now seventeen years old, walked back and forth nine miles each day. Because of the time required to make this journey, he had to give it up after a few weeks and go to work.

In these three schools he had found a special interest in the reading lessons, in the practice of declaiming "pieces" on Friday afternoons, and in writing compositions. One of his school-day writings was on "National Politics" and another was on "Cruelty to Animals." Through the interest of an admiring neighbor, a third essay, on "Temperance," was published in a newspaper.

Reading intelligently, writing a clear hand, spelling fairly well, and making simple calculations with figures — these, with a grotesque sort of training in etiquette, made up the boy's schooling. But it was not in the schools that he got his education. The fellowship of trees and streams and of the gentle wild things of the

woods, the companionship of boys and men, the pages of the Bible and Æsop's Fables and the half-dozen other books that he devoured by the blaze of the fire, and the discipline of hard labor with axe and plow — these were his teachers.

WORDS OF LINCOLN

1. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

2. Gold is good in its place; but living, brave, and patriotic men are better than gold.

3. This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

4. God must like common people, or He would not have made so many.

5. With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE

The Battle of Gettysburg — July 1, 2, and 3, 1863 — marked the high tide of the war between the North and the South. When the battle was "lost and won," the killed and wounded numbered thirty-one thousand in wearers of the Gray and twenty-three thousand in the Blue of the Union.

This was the greatest battle of the war, and was contested with supreme courage on both sides. It proved an overwhelming victory for the North.

One hundred days after the battle — and while the struggle was yet at its fiercest, and no one knew what the end would be — a portion of the field was dedicated by the people of the North as a national cemetery.

Not the mind, but the heart, must conceive what that occasion meant to the anxious and bereaved who met there that day. It was a throng made up of the veterans of many battles, of widows and orphans of the dead on many fields, of countless others who had suffered and were suffering because of Gettysburg and all that had gone before.

Edward Everett, the most distinguished orator of the day, made the address of the occasion, and held his audience spellbound for three hours.

When he had finished, amid thunderous applause, there followed him the modest and diffident Lincoln,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Statue by St. Gaudens

who, in two hundred and seventy-two words, made one of the greatest speeches of all time.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full

measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

TRIBUTES TO LINCOLN

No other good man was so great, and no other great man was so good.

— Theodore Roosevelt

Oh, place him not among the historic kings,
Strong, barbarous chiefs and bloody conquerors,
But with the Great and pure Republicans:
Those who have been unselfish, wise, and good,
Bringers of Light, and Pilots in the dark,
Bearers of Crosses, Servants of the World.

— John James Piatt

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

— James Russell Lowell

LETTERS WRITTEN TO CHILDREN BY FAMOUS MEN

1. A Letter from General Lee

[Robert E. Lee, the Southern General of the Civil War, was a West Point graduate and always a soldier. He wrote this letter to his youngest daughter Mildred when he was not General but Colonel Lee. At this time there was no war, and Lee was on duty at one of the Indian reservations.]

Camp, 28th *April*, 1856.

My dear little Daughter, — I was much pleased to receive your letter. I did not know that you could write so well. I think in time when you get more accustomed to spelling in writing you will write beautiful letters, and I shall have delightful times reading them.

I am very glad to hear that your hens are doing so well. I wish I had you here to take care of mine. I brought them many hundred miles in a coop behind the wagon and every evening, at the end of the day's march, would let them out, and at night they would roost on top of the wagon. They laid several eggs on the road. I have only seven hens and some days I get seven eggs.

Having no plank, I have been obliged to make them a house of twigs. I planted four posts in the ground and bored holes in each, three feet from the ground, in which I inserted poles for the floor, and around which were woven the branches that formed it. There are so many reptiles in this country that you cannot keep fowls on the ground. The sides and tops were formed in the same way, and the whole is covered with branches with

their leaves on, which makes a shady house but furnishes little protection against rain. Soldier hens, however, must learn not to mind rain. I converted the coop they came in into nests. They pick up so much corn among the horses that I do not have to feed them, and they seem quite domesticated.

I have no cat, nor have I heard of one in this country. You will have to send me a kitten in your next letter. The Indians have none, as there are so many wolves prowling around that they frighten away all the mice.

My rattlesnake, my only pet, is dead. He grew sick and would not eat his frogs, and died one night.

I hope you will have a nice garden and study hard and learn your lessons well. You must write to me whenever you can and believe me,

Your affectionate father,

ROBERT E. LEE.

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2. A STORY LETTER

[Quite a different sort of letter is this one written by Lewis Carroll to a little girl whom he called Birdie, though her real name was Isabel. It reminds us of some of the funny conversations in *Alice in Wonderland* or *Through the Looking Glass*].

My dear Birdie,

I met her just outside Tom Gate, walking very stiffly, and I think she was trying to find her way to my rooms. So I said, "Why have you come here without Birdie?" So she said, "Birdie's gone! And Emily's gone! And Mabel isn't kind to me!" And two little waxy tears came running down her cheeks.

Why, how stupid of me! I've never told you who it was all the time! It was your new doll! I was very glad to see her, and I took her to my room, and gave her some vesta matches to eat, and a cup of nice melted wax to drink, for the poor thing was very hungry and thirsty after her long walk.

So I said, "Come and sit down by the fire, and let's have a comfortable chat."

"Oh, no! *no!*" she said. "I'd *much* rather not. You know I do melt so *very* easily!"

She made me take her to the other side of the room, where it was *very* cold : and then she sat on my knee, and fanned herself with a penwiper, because she said she was afraid the end of her nose was beginning to melt.

"You've no *idea* how careful we have to be, we dolls," she said. "Why, there was a sister of mine — would you believe it? — she went up to the fire to warm her hands, and one of her hands dropped *right* off! There now!"

"Of course it dropped *right* off," I said, "because it was the *right* hand."

"And how do you know it was the *right* hand, Mr. Carroll?" the doll said.

So I said, "I think it must have been the right hand, because the other hand was left."

The doll said, "I sha'n't laugh. It's a very bad joke. Why, even a common wooden doll could make a better joke than that. And besides, they've made my mouth so stiff and hard, that I *can't* laugh if I try ever so much!"

"Don't be cross about it," I said, "but tell me this: I'm going to give Birdie and the other children one photograph each, whichever they choose; which do you think Birdie will choose?"

"I don't know," said the doll; "you'd better ask her!"

So I took her home in a hansom cab.

Your affectionate friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

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3. A LETTER FROM NAHANT, MASSACHUSETTS

[The poet Longfellow once wrote to a young friend, from his summer home by the sea, about his own three little girls.]

NAHANT, *August* 18, 1859.

Dear little Emily,—

Your letter followed me down here by the seaside, where I am passing the summer with my three little girls.

The oldest is about your size; but as little girls keep changing every year, I can never remember exactly how old she is, and have to ask her mamma, who has a better memory than I have. Her name is Alice. I never forget that. She is a nice girl, and loves poetry almost as much as you do.

The second is Edith, with blue eyes and beautiful golden locks, which I sometimes call her nankeen hair to make her laugh. She is a very busy little woman, and wears gray boots.

The youngest is Allegra, which you know means

merry; and she is the merriest little thing you ever saw — always singing and laughing all over the house.

These are my three little girls, and Mr. Reed has painted them all in one picture, which I hope you will see some day.

They bathe in the sea and dig in the sand and patter about the piazza all day long. Sometimes they go to see the Indians encamped on the shore, and buy baskets and bows and arrows.

I do not say anything about the two boys. They are such noisy fellows it is of no use to talk about them.

And now, Miss Emily, give my love to your papa, and good night, with a kiss from his friend and yours.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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4. A LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA

[This letter was written by John Muir, who discovered the great Muir Glacier in Alaska. He was a famous scientist and forester, as well as an explorer.]

Sheep Camp out on the Plains,
Two miles North of Snellings,
Dec. 21st, 1868.

My dear little friend Charles, —.

I am glad to know that you are so happy. I read your letter two or three times and you did not seem to be very far away when I was reading it.

I am glad to hear that you are learning to read and to sing. I am a shepherd now and sometimes I sing when I am with the sheep. Larks sing almost every

morning in California. I wish you could be with me and then we would all sing together, and I would give you a pet lamb and help you to make a little mill upon the stream that runs behind my cabin. There are a great many glossy black ravens where I keep my sheep. They say, "Croak, Croak," when they want a lamb and I say, "There is none dead."

There are a great many rabbits here that run so fast the dogs cannot catch them. Their ears are six inches long. They are very handsome. They skim over the grass about as fast as a bird's shadow. I wish I could see the beautiful snows of Indiana winter again. The dead flowers have no snow to cover them here. A great many boys in California never saw snow, excepting what is far away upon the mountains. It is too cold for butterflies now, though not for grasshoppers and crickets; but they cannot jump so far as they could in summer.

I have a little dog, too. I call him Compie, because he is my companion. The stars of California twinkle more than the stars that are above Indianapolis.

A flower grows in the mountains that is like candy-stalk, and leaves and all look just like red, crispy candy.

I don't know when I shall be home, but I shall be glad to see you when I come. I hope you will write to me always. I pray that you may ever be happy and good, and that your eyes may always have abundance of the best and sweetest light that God may send to the world.

From your friend,

JOHN MUIR.

KING ARTHUR AND THE ROUND TABLE

CORNELIA MACMULLAN

Arthur becomes King

"My lord, have you questioned Merlin about Arthur?" asked Sir Hector's wife. "The boy is now seven years of age, and his training for knighthood begins."

"No," replied Sir Hector, "Merlin gave us the child to bring up as our own. What the wise Merlin asks must be done. But be assured the boy is of noble birth. He is gentle in manner and truthful in word. He has reverenced me as a father and I love him as our own son Kay."

"Yes, he has never failed in courtesy," said the wife; "he has been always gracious in his obedience."

A boy was trained for knighthood in England, in the days when Arthur lived. At that time a nobleman had his home in a fortified castle. No man's life was safe unless he could protect it. There was constant warfare between kings, between kings and their noblemen, and among the noblemen themselves.

Sir Hector's castle had a strong tower where he and his family dwelt in time of danger. Around the tower was a fortress wall thirty feet in height. The gateway was protected by a portcullis made of strong iron bars. Outside the wall was a ditch or moat twenty feet deep.

Friends could cross the moat by means of a wooden drawbridge. But when enemies approached, chains were set in motion, the bridge was pulled up against the wall,

KING ARTHUR
Statue at Innsbruck

and the portcullis was dropped in its grooves. If offenders were captured, they were imprisoned in a gloomy dungeon underneath the castle.

On the main floor of the castle was the dining hall where Sir Hector entertained his guests and where Arthur served as a page. There were bounteous feasts in those days. Strong serving men did the heavier work, but the young pages of the castle attended upon the guests.

Arthur had other duties besides serving the guests. He waited upon the ladies of the castle. He attended them on their walks. He carried messages for them, and entertained them by singing songs and playing upon the lute.

Then, too, as a page he received instruction in hunting in the woods and on the banks of rivers. He was taught how to box and fence, how to swim, and how to use a sword and lance. He was carefully trained to ride a horse. He would spring into the saddle without touching the stirrup and leap over ditches and walls.

At fourteen years of age Arthur became a squire, and more work was required of him. He continued to serve at the table and wait upon the ladies of the castle. Now he learned to wield the battleaxe, to endure the weight of armor, to bear hunger and thirst, to keep himself awake through long periods of watching. He helped his foster-brother Kay, who had become a knight, to put on his armor and attended him in the tournament.

One morning before the sun was much above the

horizon, a guard of the castle called out, "A herald is approaching." It was not long before the messenger rode over the drawbridge into the courtyard. There he blew a blast of his trumpet. Sir Hector, his wife, daughters, and all the lords and ladies, knights, squires, pages, hurried to hear what the messenger would proclaim. Another blast of the trumpet and the herald announced, "By the order of the Archbishop of Canterbury a tournament is to be held on New Year's Day in the field outside London Town."

There was much rejoicing in the castle. A tournament was the chief amusement of the time. In this contest knights would dash from opposite ends of the field and come together in the center. There they would tilt with lances and try to unhorse each other. The ladies too rejoiced when a tournament was announced. They sat in the galleries of the lists and awarded the prizes to the victorious knights.

Before the proclaiming of the tournament, the Archbishop had called the lords to assemble on Christmas Eve in the cathedral in London. More than five thousand noblemen gathered in the great cathedral to hear what the Archbishop would say. "Give us a just and noble ruler," he prayed. "Since the death of King Uther jealous lords have fought for the crown, and our people have suffered greatly. Show us soon who is to be king of this land." When the prayer was ended, he announced the trial of the sword.

Outside the cathedral was a great marble stone. In

the midst of the stone was an anvil of solid steel, in which stood a sword with a jeweled hilt. On the handle were engraved these words in letters of gold,

He who can draw out this sword
is the rightful king of England.

One lord after another tried but no one could move the blade in the anvil. "The one that shall succeed is not yet here," said the Archbishop, "but doubt not God will make him to be known."

A week later was New Year's Day, the time for the tournament. The horses were neighing and pawing the ground, eager for their masters to start. There was no want of distinguished knights and fair ladies hastening to the lists. Among them was Sir Hector with his son Sir Kay and the young squire Arthur, who was now eighteen years of age. The sun shone brightly upon their polished armor as they rode merrily forth.

They were approaching the field of the tournament when Sir Kay discovered that he had lost his sword. He begged Arthur to return and look for it. "That will I gladly do," exclaimed the young squire as he galloped back for the weapon.

Arthur looked for the sword but he could not find it. "My brother shall not be without a weapon this day," he said to himself. "I will ride to the church and take the sword of the stone." He hastened to the cathedral. There he dismounted, seized the sword by the handle, and drew it out of the anvil. Then he hurried back to his brother.

Sir Kay was amazed when he saw the sword. "This is not my weapon, but the sword of the stone," he cried, and he took it to his father, Sir Hector. "Behold the sword of the stone!" he exclaimed joyfully. "I shall be king of England."

"How did you obtain that weapon?" asked Sir Hector anxiously.

"My brother Arthur brought it to me," replied Sir Kay.

"Arthur, how came you by it?" questioned Sir Hector.

"Sir, I could not find my brother's sword but I remembered the sword of the stone," answered Arthur. "I hastened to the church and drew the blade from the anvil."

But Sir Hector was not satisfied. "Only he that shall be king of this land could draw out the sword," he said. "We will go to the church and see with our own eyes."

When they reached the stone, Arthur thrust the sword into the anvil. Sir Kay eagerly grasped the weapon and pulled with all his might, but he did not succeed in drawing it out. Then Sir Hector tried, but the blade stood firm in the anvil. Whereupon Arthur took the sword by the hilt and drew it out easily.

Sir Hector knew then that Merlin's prophecy had come true. "'When the time is ripe,' the wise man declared, 'God will make it known who this child is,' and now it has been revealed." Then Sir Hector and Sir Kay knelt before Arthur.

"Why do you, my father and brother, kneel to me?" asked Arthur.

"No, no, my lord Arthur, I was never your father," said Sir Hector. "No one could draw that sword except him who was born a king. You are Uther's son. Your father knew that he was soon to die and that jealous and powerful lords might harm you, so he gave you to Merlin, saying, 'Take the babe to Sir Hector the trustworthy. Tell him to bring up the child as his own.'"

Arthur was sad when he learned that Sir Hector was not his father. "If it be God's will that I shall be king," said Arthur, "whatever you ask I shall grant."

"Sir," replied Hector, "I shall ask no more of you but that you will make my son Sir Kay steward of all your land."

"That shall be done," answered Arthur, "and he shall be steward as long as I live."

Thereupon they went to the Archbishop and told him that the sword was won. But he was loath to give the crown of England to a boy. "On Twelfth Day the lords shall assemble again for a trial of the sword," he said. Twelfth Day came but no one could draw it out except Arthur.

Then were the lords angry. "We will not be governed by a boy," they said. "We will have another trial at Easter." Again they failed and they were more angry than before. "We are not satisfied. We will wait until May, for the feast of Pentecost."

At this time assembled not only the noblemen but the people who had no titles. One ambitious lord after another tried, but the sword stood firm in its place. Then Arthur went to the stone. "That youth is very fair to look upon," the people said. "Who is he?" They were astonished when he took the sword by the hilt and drew it out as easily as from a scabbard, "We will delay no longer," they cried. "We will have that boy for our king. It is God's will that he govern this land."

Most of the lords now acknowledged Arthur also, and demanded that he be made king. He went to the church, and there he spent a day praying to be a brave and noble knight. He laid the sword upon the altar and the Archbishop blessed it. Then Arthur knelt and swore that he would right all wrong, that he would honor all women, and that he would protect the weak and defenseless. A lord of high rank then drew his sword and struck Arthur on the shoulder, saying, "In the name of God I make thee a knight. Be valiant, courteous, and loyal." The young knight then arose, and ladies of high degree helped him to put on his armor and golden spurs. His beautiful white horse stood waiting and he sprang on its back and rode from the church.

A few days later Arthur took another oath in the great cathedral in London. He swore that he would strive for peace and justice, that he would be a faithful king to his people, that he would honor God in all things. Then the Archbishop solemnly placed a golden

crown upon his head. It was the crown of England, and Arthur was now King of England.

The Castle at Camelot

Three months had passed since Arthur was crowned king of England. One morning as he was riding forth on his war horse from his castle at Camelot, he met the aged Merlin on his palfrey.

"My king, take counsel. You will need another sword," said the old magician. "Go with me to the enchanted forest."

"The king cannot question the counsel of Merlin," replied Arthur.

Then the two rode on until they came to a woodland and there was a lake whose waters shone like opals. "This is a beautiful sight!" exclaimed King Arthur.

In the midst of the lake, extending out of the water, was an arm clothed in white, and in the hand was a sword radiant with jewels.

"Behold!" said Merlin, "yonder is the magical sword. Only he that is without fear and without reproach can win that sword."

As King Arthur gazed, mist arose from the water and behind the mist a maiden seemed to be coming toward him. "Who is she?" he whispered.

"She is the Lady of the Lake," answered Merlin. "She is the mistress of the sword." He had no sooner said this than the mist cleared away and the Lady of the Lake appeared before them.

"Tell me, Lady, what sword is that in yonder hand?" asked King Arthur.

"That is the sword Excalibur," she replied.

"How can I obtain Excalibur for mine own?" inquired Arthur. "I do not lack in courage, but there are many things wherewith I may reproach myself."

Straightway there appeared a boat moving upon the water. When it reached the shore, the Lady of the Lake bade King Arthur to step into it. "That barge will take you to Excalibur," she said. "The sword is yours and the scabbard also." Then the boat moved away from the shore as swiftly as it had come.

When King Arthur reached the magic sword, he found it brighter and more beautiful than he had thought. He took the sword by the hilt, and the arm and the hand went down under the water. His heart was filled with joy as the boat bore him back to the shore. There he looked at the blade. On one side were engraved these words **Take me**, and Arthur rejoiced. But on the other side were the words **Cast me away**, and the king was sad.

"Do not grieve, my lord," said Merlin. "The time to cast away is yet far off. But which would my lord king rather have, the sword or the scabbard?"

"A thousand times the sword," replied Arthur.

"The king is not wise," answered Merlin. "The scabbard is worth ten of the sword. My lord should keep it always with him."

Thus Excalibur was won, and King Arthur and Merlin

rode through the forest back to the castle at Camelot. Not far from Camelot was the neighboring kingdom of Cameliard. Its king was Leodogran. The cruel tyrant King Ryence with his giant knights was trying to enter Cameliard, and the kingdom was in peril. "We will go to the aid of Leodogran," said Arthur, calling his knights together. It was not long before they were on their way to Cameliard.

Upon the castle rampart, looking out over the city wall, stood the Princess Guinevere, the fair daughter of King Leodogran. "Help has come!" she exclaimed as she saw King Arthur and his men approaching.

All night long the air resounded with the noise of battle. In the morning the shouts of the giant knights mingled with the cheers of Arthur's men, and in the evening the battle was won. The knights of Camelot had brought peace to the land of Cameliard.

As King Arthur went back to his castle he said to himself, "What happiness to reign a lonely king? I have no queen to grace my throne."

A few days later he was walking with Merlin in the gardens of the castle. The king was seeking counsel of the aged man.

"Is there any fair lady that you love better than another?" asked Merlin.

"In truth," replied Arthur, "I love the Princess Guinevere, the daughter of King Leodogran."

"It is well that my lord should have a queen," said Merlin. "I will go myself to King Leodogran and tell

him that King Arthur desires to wed the Princess Guinevere."

When King Leodogran heard of the coming of Merlin, his heart rejoiced. "The news that Merlin has brought is welcome indeed," he said. "Arthur is as brave as my child is beautiful. I shall send as a wedding gift the Table Round which Uther gave me at his death, and with the Table I shall send a hundred noble knights."

There was never a more beautiful morning in May than when King Arthur with his trustworthy knights, Sir Launcelot, Sir Bedivere, and Sir Kay, went out from the castle to greet the Princess Guinevere and the ladies of her court.

At the postern gate of the city they met. There at the gate were all the knights of the realm to escort the Princess of Cameliard to the church and to the castle at Camelot.

"Blow trumpet for the world is white with May," they sang.

"Blow through the living world —
'Let the king reign.'"

At the church the Archbishop of Canterbury was waiting.

It was now past noon. The marriage service was ended. King Arthur and the Lady Guinevere were wedded and the bells were ringing joyfully.

When they came from the church to the great hall of the castle, they beheld the gift of King Leodogran,

the Round Table with seats for one hundred and fifty knights.

Then Merlin took King Arthur by the hand and led him away from Queen Guinevere. "Leodogran has sent one hundred knights," he said, "but my lord must fill the other seats himself. This seat is for the king. It is higher than the rest."

"Because of my father Uther, the Round Table is dearer to me than riches," said Arthur. "Only worthy knights shall sit thereat. But what means this writing?" inquired the king as he read,

This is the Seat Perilous.

"My noble lord," replied Merlin, "a knight, pure and good, will take that seat. Abide his time."

The knights were no sooner seated than Merlin said, "Arise and pay homage to your king." And as they arose, in every seat appeared the name of the knight in letters of gold. Then with their swords raised, they repeated the covenant of their knighthood,

"We will follow the king. We will live pure lives. We will speak the truth. We will right the wrong. We will honor God." Then each knight kissed the hilt of his sword.

And as the knights of the Round Table went from the hall they sang,

> Strike for the king and live! his knights have heard
> That God hath told the king a secret word,
> Fall battleaxe, and flash brand!
> Let the king reign.

THE SEAT PERILOUS

Strike for the king and die! and if thou diest,
The king is king, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battleaxe, and clash brand!
Let the king reign.

Gareth and Launcelot

The deeds of good King Arthur and his brave knights were sung by minstrels in the courts of other kings. Many a prince longed to seek adventure in some noble cause and become a knight in Arthur's court.

Gareth was the son of King Lot and Queen Bellicent of Wales. He had reached the age of knighthood when he said to the queen, "Mother, you think me still a a child. But, dear mother, do you love the child?"

The queen laughed. "You are but a goose to question it," she said.

"Then, dear mother, if you love the child and he is a goose, listen to the child's story."

"Yes, my son, I will listen. It may be the story of the goose that laid the golden egg."

Gareth's eyes brightened as he answered, "No, no, dear mother, my treasure is richer metal than any goose can lay. Now listen to the story:

"A royal eagle bore within his talons a glittering treasure to a mountain peak. Its splendor sparkled from aloft. 'If I could lay my hands upon that treasure,' exclaimed a youth, 'I should have wealth indeed.' He had no sooner said it than he raised a hand to climb. 'Do not climb,' said one who loved the boy; 'you will fall if you try to reach that height.' And so

he did not climb but pined and died in longing for the treasure."

"True love, my son, would risk itself and climb, and hand the treasure to the boy."

Then Gareth with kindling eyes replied, "Dear mother, this treasure was of steel, the steel from which was forged Excalibur."

"Alas!" she sighed, "I read the meaning of the fable. Have you, my son, no pity for your mother's loneliness? Remain at home. Follow the deer and enjoy the chase."

"Man am I grown, mother. A man's work must I do. I will walk through fire to gain your leave to go."

"Will you walk through fire, my son?" she asked. "He who walks through fire does not heed the smoke. I demand a promise before you seek King Arthur's court."

The queen was silent then. She thought, "Gareth will be too proud to go when he hears the promise." At length she said, "Prince, you are my son, but you must go to Arthur's court disguised as a kitchen boy. Tell no one, not even the king, that you are of noble birth. There in Arthur's kitchen you must serve a year among the scullions, washing pots and pans."

"I promise," answered Gareth. "I am your son, my mother, and a prince. My deeds will speak. A lowly act is often graced by noble service."

It was Easter time when Gareth entered the castle at Camelot. As he knelt before Arthur, he said, "A

kitchen boy I am, Sir King. A boon I ask, to serve King Arthur twelve months and a day."

"A comely youth indeed!" exclaimed the king, "worthier of a better boon. It is the boy's whim, no doubt, to serve as kitchen knave." Then to Gareth, Arthur said, "Your boon is granted. Serve twelve months in kitchen vassalage."

As Gareth passed from the presence of the king, Sir Kay and Sir Launcelot were talking. "If the lad were of noble birth, another boon he would ask," whispered Sir Kay. "A horse and armor he would have, and not a pot and pan."

"No, no," replied Sir Launcelot. "Sir Kay does not know a man. The youth has a noble face. His brow is broad and fair. His eyes are large and clear. No kitchen boy is he."

A month had passed since Gareth left his home in Wales. Queen Bellicent was yearning for her son. "He has walked through fire," she said. "He has proved the test. I will send his armor and reveal the truth."

It was not long before a squire appeared at the castle of Camelot inquiring for Gareth. "The news is joy indeed," said Gareth. "I will seek the king in secret."

He found the king alone and told him all. "My gracious lord," he said, "make me your knight."

"A knight is sworn to vows," replied Arthur. "He must be obedient to his lord."

"Obedient have I been as kitchen knave, my lord,"

answered Gareth. "Have I not earned my cake in baking it?" he asked.

"A kitchen knave you are no longer, but a knight," said the king, smiling. Then with his sword touching the young knight's shoulder he added, "Sir Gareth has the first quest, but Launcelot must know."

"Sir Launcelot was kind to the kitchen knave," said Gareth. "My king, he is your noblest and your truest knight. Let him know."

That same morning there came into the hall a maiden in distress. "O king," she cried, "my sister lives in Castle Perilous. Around the castle are two moats. Two brothers guard the passes, and a third, the mightiest, keeps my sister prisoner."

"What is your name, fair maid?" inquired the king.

"Sire, it is Lynette. My sister is the Lady Lyonors."

"Who is the tyrant that keeps the gentle lady prisoner?" asked Arthur.

"He is called the Red Knight of the Plains," she replied. "Men say he has the strength of seven. Give me, O king, your strongest knight."

But before King Arthur could answer, Gareth came forward. "My lord, the adventure is mine," he said. "The king has promised his kitchen boy the quest."

"That is true, my kitchen boy," replied Arthur. "The quest is yours."

"Sir King," said the maiden, "I asked for the strongest knight and not a kitchen knave." She had no sooner said it than she left the hall in anger. "A kitchen

knave! a kitchen knave indeed!" she murmured to herself.

Gareth followed. Buckling on his armor, he mounted his horse and rode after Lynette. He overtook her at the gate of the city. "Maiden, the quest is mine," he said. "Lead and I follow."

"Sir Scullion smells of kitchen grease," she cried, laughing scornfully.

"Your words are cruel, fair maid, but I will finish the quest or die," answered Gareth gently.

"How like a noble knight he talks," said Lynette to herself as she spurred her horse.

On they rode past bridge and ford, Lynette leading, Gareth following.

It was late in the afternoon. Soon a knight all armed in black came riding towards them. "Truly," exclaimed Gareth, "here comes a knight and I will joust with him."

"Beware," said Lynette, "he is the Black Knight of the Plains. He guards the first pass."

"Follow, and I lead," answered Gareth

In a short time the two knights met. The first stroke broke their lances. They now fought on foot with swords. The struggle was a fierce one; neither would yield. At last Gareth smote the Black Knight on the helmet and he fell lifeless to the ground.

"There comes the brother of the Black Knight," said Lynette. "He guards the second pass."

"I should like to joust with him," replied Gareth.

"Do not boast," she said less scornfully; "the wind still brings odors of the kitchen."

Before long the Black Knight's brother dashed towards Gareth with his lance. Gareth's lance was broken, but with his sword he overthrew and wounded the knight.

"I wonder who you are," said Lynette. "Deeds speak truly. You strike not as a knave but as a knight worthy of the Table Round."

"Such words, fair maid, put strength into my arms," answered Gareth. "The quest is not yet finished, but whether knave or knight, I will either win or die."

And now they rode together, side by side. As they approached a hill they saw the castle. At the casement window was the Lady Lyonors looking towards them. The Red Knight of the Plains was also watching, and in an instant he rode forth. "Here comes my sister's foe," cried Lynette.

At once the two began to battle and Gareth was overthrown. "Alas! my noble knight, your strength has gone," said the maiden. As Gareth heard her words, he sprang to his feet, seized his sword, and struck the Red Knight to the earth.

The quest was won and Gareth became a knight of the Round Table. Some there are who say he married Lynette; and others say the Lady Lyonors.

It was in April when Sir Gareth was made a knight of the Round Table. Now it was the wedding month of Arthur and Guinevere; and again the knights were singing.

Blow trumpet for the world is white with May;
Blow through the living world —
"Let the King reign."

The queen and the ladies of the court had gone a-Maying into the woods. They were now returning. "This is our wedding month," said Arthur, "and the king shall proclaim a tournament. The prize shall be the last and central diamond in the crown."

Nine years had passed since Arthur found the jeweled crown. He was riding through a secluded glen when he chanced upon it. There were nine diamonds in the crown. "These jewels are the kingdom's, not the king's," Arthur had said. So every year there was a tournament and the prize was a diamond from the crown. Eight tournaments had been fought and eight diamonds had been won.

It was Sir Launcelot who had proved himself the mightiest in the lists and each time had won the diamond of the year. "I will make the prize complete," he said, "and win the largest and the last. But Launcelot shall win and not the name. I will find another shield."

At dawn he rode away and late in the afternoon he reached the town of Astolat. The lord of the castle and his sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine, came out to meet him.

"Welcome, Sir Knight. Who are you?" asked the Lord of Astolat. "You look like one from Arthur's hall, a member of the Table Round."

"My lord has spoken truly. I am from Arthur's hall," replied Sir Launcelot. "But I go to joust as one unknown; so ask me not my name. Hereafter you will know. Lend me a shield, kind sir, with a device that is not mine emblazoned on it."

"Father," said Torre, "my white shield this stranger knight shall have. I cannot use it. My wound is sore indeed."

Then said the Lord of Astolat, "Here is Torre's emblazoned shield. Take it. This shield they will not know at Camelot."

"And I, dear father," said Lavaine, "will ride to the lists with this stranger knight."

Near by stood Elaine with glistening eyes. She was the daughter of the Lord of Astolat. "My knight, whose name I do not know, wear this, my favor, at the tilt."

In her hand was a red sleeve embroidered with pearls.

"Fair maid," replied Sir Launcelot, "I have never worn lady's favor in the lists."

"Wear mine, Sir Knight," she pleaded, "and in wearing it, my knight will not be known."

"That is true," he answered. "Your knight will wear it." And as she bound the token about his helmet, he said, "The Lily Maid of Astolat will do me the grace to keep my shield until I return."

Then Elaine made a pretty story of the dents and scratches on the shield. "This dent, Sir Knight, might

have killed, but God broke the lance and overthrew the foe."

At night Lavaine and Launcelot rode off, and in the morning reached the lists.

The trumpets sounded. The king and queen took their seats and the jousts began. In the center of the field the contending knights met. Sir Launcelot watched and waited. At last he hurled himself into the weaker side, parried the thrusts, and smote hard with spear and sword.

"That is great Launcelot," exclaimed the ladies.

"No," replied a knight near by. "Sir Launcelot has never worn a favor of any lady in the lists."

Again the trumpets blew. The prize was won, the central diamond of the crown. And he who won it was the knight with the white shield and the red sleeve.

So Sir Launcelot won the diamond, and not the name.

The Death of King Arthur and the Passing of the Round Table

All the seats of the Round Table were filled except one, seat Perilous. At the right of Arthur sat Sir Launcelot; at the left, Sir Perceval.

King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table were seated in council when they heard a voice. It was the voice of the aged Merlin. With him was a young knight clothed in white armor. "I bring with me Sir Galahad, the knight pure and good," said Merlin.

And as the old magician spoke there appeared on the Seat Perilous these words in letters of gold,

This is the seat of Galahad.

"My work is finished," said Merlin. "The king will miss my counsel, but my time has come to go." So the wise Merlin departed and his voice was never heard again.

Now all the seats of the Round Table were filled, and joy was in the heart of Arthur. "The time has come for the Holy Grail," he thought.

The presence of the Cup had blessed the land. But one of the knights, who guarded it, broke his vow of purity and the Holy Grail disappeared from sight. The knights wondered where it had gone. They often thought of making search for it; but no man seemed pure enough to undertake the sacred quest.

One evening as the king and his knights were assembled for worship, suddenly there was seen a flash of lightning and there was heard a peal of thunder, sharp and quick. When the noise had ceased, there came into the hall a ray of sunlight that lightened the faces of the knights. Each one beheld his brother knight fairer than before. In the midst of the ray appeared the Holy Cup covered with white samite. The light became fainter and the Holy Grail was gone.

It was a summer evening. King Arthur and Sir Perceval were walking in the gardens of the castle. "O king," said Perceval, "my sister has seen the

Holy Grail. At dead of night she heard a sound like that of a silver horn across the hills. It was more beautiful than music from the harp. As the sound grew fainter, a silver beam streamed through her casement window. Then the crimson Grail appeared across the beam, and the light became a rosy red before it died in the darkness of the night.

"'Go tell your brother knights what I have seen,' she said. 'The vision will come to them if their hearts are pure and good.'

"I told Sir Launcelot, Sir Galahad, and the other knights. Many of us vowed, dear king, that on the morrow morn we would go forth and seek the Holy Grail for twelve months and a day."

"A vow is sacred," said the king, "and must be fulfilled. For such as Galahad is the quest, not for others. God made him good as he is beautiful. Your places will be vacant and the chance for noble deeds will come and go unchallenged. Many of you will not return," he said, and his eyes filled with tears.

Days passed. The king could hardly speak for grief so many of his knights had gone. And now the time for their return was near.

Summer had come again. King Arthur was alone in the gardens of his castle. "It is twelve months and a day," he said to himself, "since my noble knights have gone."

He had no sooner said it than a knight, wasted and worn, approached. It was Sir Bors, the cousin of Sir Launcelot.

"My king," he said, "the quest was not for such as I. Your knight lacked purity of heart."

"Was the king too dark a prophet when he said that his knights would follow wandering fires?" asked Arthur. "But tell me of Launcelot, Sir Launcelot who has fought in twelve great battles for his king. What did he see?"

"My lord, the quest was not for Launcelot," answered Bors. "He was too proud of his strength. The knight lacked true humility."

"Now tell me of my noble Galahad," said Arthur, "and Perceval, who next to Galahad is my purest knight. Did they find the Holy Grail?"

"Sir Perceval, my king, saw the covered Cup. He was riding forth to find the Holy Grail when he chanced upon a knight bound with chains.

"'He will soon die,' thought Perceval. 'I cannot stop. I have no time to lose to find the Sacred Cup.' And on he rode. 'That knight needs help,' said Perceval to himself. 'I must go back even if I miss the Holy Grail.' So your gentle knight returned. As he approached the dying man, he said, 'I will cut your chains.'

"'Who can cut through iron?' moaned the suffering knight.

"Then Sir Perceval drew his sword. Never flashed the blade so bright. He smote a blow that cut through chains of iron and eased the armor about the throat. He then carried the knight to a stream of water that

flowed beneath a bridge. As the man drank, his strength came back to him. 'Kind sir,' he said, 'I should have perished if you had not found me.'

"Perceval then rode off. 'I still have time to find the Holy Grail,' he thought. Suddenly he saw a beam of light, and across the beam was the coveted Cup.

"But Galahad, my king, found the Holy Grail. He was riding forth when he came to a city gate. There sat a poor man, old and crippled. Your noble knight, my lord, dismounted, gently placed the aged man upon his horse, and took him to a hermit in the wood.

"As Galahad came from the wood, his face was radiant. Suddenly he heard a voice, 'O Galahad, O Galahad, you have found the Grail,' and as he listened he saw a splendor in the sky and there all red was the Sacred Cup. Again he heard the voice, 'O Galahad, the Healing Cup is yours. Go hence, there is more work for Galahad to do.'"

Then said King Arthur sorrowfully, "My knights are not all Galahads, no, nor Percevals." He was thinking of Sir Modred, a knight who had become a traitor to his king. "A foe without the realm we can conquer, but a foe within is hard to fight," said Arthur.

The traitor was quickly gathering his forces until one morning a battle took place. There was fighting all day, and in the afternoon Arthur's men drove the rebels back.

In the evening, the king was looking over the field.

When he saw how many of his faithful knights had fallen, he cried out, "Life or death, the traitor's end has come." Therewith he seized Excalibur, and as he looked, he saw Modred standing not far off. "False man," he cried, "my knights are those who have kept their vows," and he pointed to the dead. Then with his sword thrust forward, he rushed upon the traitor. Before Modred fell to the earth, he returned the fatal blow.

Sir Bedivere found the dying king and bore him to the chapel at the water's edge.

"The time to cast away is here," said Arthur. "Take my good sword, Bedivere, and throw it far out into the lake. Then come back, my knight, and tell me what you saw."

Sir Bedivere took the sword and carried it to the lake. As he looked at the jeweled hilt, he said, "If I throw Excalibur into the water, there is only loss. What is the gain?" Therewith he hid the sword in the grasses by the lake. Then he returned to Arthur.

"My Bedivere, have you done the deed?" asked the king. "What is it that you saw?"

"My king, I saw nothing but the waves," answered Bedivere.

"Alas!" sighed Arthur. "My knight betrays his nature and his name. His answer has been false. Go again."

Then Sir Bedivere went the second time. "My lord is ill," he said, "and knows not what he says. The

sword that has pleased men's eyes should be kept as a sacred relic of the king." So he hid Excalibur the second time.

"What is it that you saw?" asked Arthur.

"My king," answered Bedivere, "I saw nothing but the waters lapping on the shore."

"Unknightly knight," said Arthur, "obedience is the bond of rule. My knight may fail in duty twice, but if he fails the third time, weak as the king is, he will rise and slay him with his hand."

Then Sir Bedivere left the king. This time he threw Excalibur far out into the lake.

"What did you see?" asked Arthur.

"An arm arose from out the lake," answered the knight, "and a hand reached for the sword."

"Now carry me to the water's brink," said Arthur. "My deeds are done. God fulfils Himself in many ways. That which I have done will He make pure. Farewell, my Bedivere. Pray for the kingdom. More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

There was silence then. Long stood Sir Bedivere. It was night. The moon arose and cast its silver beams across the lake and upon the face of Arthur, the dead king.

"To the Valley of Avalon the king has gone," said Bedivere. "There falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, nor does ever wind blow loudly."

THE NATURE LOVER'S CREED

I believe in Nature, and in God's out-of-doors.

I believe in pure air, fresh water, and abundant sunlight.

I believe in the mountains, and as I lift up my eyes to behold them, I receive help and strength.

I believe in the forests, where the aged may renew their youth, and the young gather stores of wisdom which shall abide with them forever.

I believe in the highland springs and lakes, and would have noble trees stand guard around them; upon the mountain sides I would spread a thick carpet of leaves and moss through which the water might find its way into the valleys and outward to the ocean.

I believe in protecting the birds and the animals that live amidst the trees, and the ferns and mosses and blossoming plants.

I believe in all the beautiful things of Nature, and would preserve, protect, and cherish them.

— *Arbor and Bird Day Manual*

SUCH A STARVED BANK OF MOSS

ROBERT BROWNING

Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
Violets were born!

THE TREE

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone,
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl: "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

SQUIRRELS AT WALDEN

HENRY D. THOREAU

The red squirrel usually waked me in the dawn, coursing over the roof and up and down the sides of the house, as if sent out of the woods for this purpose.

In the course of the winter I threw out half a bushel of ears of sweet corn on to the snow crust by my door, and was amused by watching the motions of the various animals which were baited by it. All day long the red

squirrels came and went, and afforded me much entertainment by their maneuvers.

One would approach, at first, warily through the scrub oaks, running over the snow crust by fits and starts like a leaf blown by the wind. Now he would go a few paces this way, with wonderful speed, making haste with his "trotters" as if it were for a wager; and now as many paces that way, but never getting on more than half a rod at a time.

Then suddenly he would pause with a ludicrous expression and a somerset. Then, before you could say Jack Robinson, he would be in the top of a young pitch pine, winding up his clock and talking to all the universe at the same time.

At length he would reach the corn, and selecting a suitable ear, frisk about in the same uncertain way to the topmost stick of my woodpile, before my window. Here he would look me in the face, and would sit for hours, supplying himself with a new ear from time to time, nibbling at first greedily and throwing the half-naked cobs about.

At length he grew more dainty and played with his food, tasting only the inside of the kernel; and the ear, which was held balanced over the stick by one paw, slipped from his careless grasp and fell to the ground. Then he would look over at it with a ludicrous expression of uncertainty, as if suspecting that it had life, with a mind not made up whether to get it again, or a new one.

So the little impudent fellow would waste many an ear in a forenoon. At last, seizing some longer and plumper one, considerably bigger than himself, and skillfully balancing it, he would set out with it to the woods. He would go by the same zigzag course and with frequent pauses, scratching along with it as if it were too heavy for him.

He seemed determined to put it through at any rate. So he would get off with it to where he lived, perhaps carry it to the top of a pine tree forty or fifty rods distant. I would afterwards find the cobs strewn about the woods in various directions.

Though at first shy, the squirrels soon went to work as if taking what was their own.

THE CLOUD

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

WILLIAM MARTIN

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?
A blooming apple orchard in the spring,
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the robin pipes his story,
In the spring?

Have you picked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals, baby white,
Just to touch them a delight —
In the spring?

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring,
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird is calling,
In the spring?

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring,
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring!
No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring.

DON QUIXOTE

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza Set Out on their Adventures

In a village of La Mancha, there once lived a gentleman by the name of Quixada. He was about fifty years old, of strong constitution, spare in body and thin of face, a very early riser, and a great huntsman.

Now this gentleman, in his leisure moments, spent so much time in reading books of Knight Errantry, that he neglected all his other occupations; indeed, so enthusiastic was he over this hobby, that he passed whole days and nights over his books, and thus with little sleeping and much reading, his intellect became deranged. His head was full of all that he had read — of enchantments, contests, battles, challenges, wounds, and impossible absurdities, and so fully assured was he of the truth of all these things, that he regarded them as sober history.

At last, his head being turned with all these romances, he began to think that it was his duty to become a knight errant, and ride out in quest of adventures, redressing every kind of wrong, and running hazards which would bring him glory and renown. He therefore began to make preparations for his adventures.

The first thing he did was to scour up some rusty armor, which was his grandfather's, and had lain many years neglected in a corner. This he cleaned and mended

as well as he could, but he found one great defect in it; the visor was missing. This he supplied by making one of pasteboard; but when, in order to prove its strength, he drew his sword and gave it two blows, he instantly demolished the labor of a week. So, in order to guard himself against a similar misfortune, he made another which he strengthened inside with bars of iron.

In the next place he went to look at his horse; and although this animal was not much more than a bag of bones, yet in his eyes no other horse could be compared with it. He reflected for four days on the best name for it, and at last determined on Rosinante, a name which seemed to him lofty, sonorous, and full of meaning.

Having given his horse a name which pleased him so much, he resolved to fix on one for himself; and at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote.

His armor being now furbished, and his horse and himself provided with names, he wanted nothing but a lady to be in love with; for a knight errant without a lady was like a tree without leaves, or a body without a soul. "For if," said he, "I have the good fortune to encounter some giant, and overthrow him, must I not have some lady to whom I may send him as a present?" At last he found a lady in the person of a good-looking peasant girl who lived in the neighboring village of Toboso; and so that she might have a name which should not be unlike her own, yet worthy of a great lady, he called her Dulcinea del Toboso.

In the meantime Don Quixote talked much with Sancho Panza, a neighbor of his, an honest man, but shallow-brained, and used so many arguments, and made so many promises, that the poor fellow agreed to ride out with him as his squire. All these arrangements being made, he told his squire the day and hour at which he intended to set out. Sancho Panza said that he thought of taking his donkey Dapple with him, as he was stout and not used to travel much on foot. At this Don Quixote hesitated a little, for he could not remember whether any knight errant had ever been accompanied by a squire on such a mount. However he consented, and determined at the first opportunity to find him a better steed.

When all this was settled, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, without taking leave of any of their friends, sallied out of the village unperceived; and they traveled so hard that by break of day they believed themselves safe, even if search should be made for them.

Adventure with the Windmills

They came in sight of thirty or forty windmills on a plain, and as soon as Don Quixote saw them he said to his squire, "Fortune is arranging matters for us better than we could have shaped our desires ourselves; for, look there, friend Sancho Panza, where thirty or more monstrous giants present themselves, all of whom I mean to engage in battle and slay, and with whose spoils we shall begin to make our fortunes."

DON QUIXOTE AND THE WINDMILLS

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those thou seest there," answered his master, "with the long arms, and some have them nearly two leagues long."

"Look, your worship," said Sancho; "what we see there are not giants but windmills, and what seem to be their arms are the sails that make the millstone go."

"Those are giants," replied Don Quixote, "and if thou art afraid, away with thee out of this, while I engage them in fierce and unequal combat."

So saying, he gave the spur to his steed Rosinante, and made at the windmills, shouting, "Fly not, cowards, for it is a single knight that attacks you."

A slight breeze at this moment sprang up, and the great sails began to move, seeing which Don Quixote exclaimed, "Though ye flourish more arms than the giant Briareus, ye have to reckon with me." And commending himself to his lady Dulcinea, he charged at Rosinante's fullest gallop and fell on the first mill that stood in front of him. But as he drove his lance-point into the sail, the wind whirled it around with such force that it shivered the lance to pieces, sweeping with it horse and rider, who went rolling over the plain, in a sorry condition.

"Bless me!" said Sancho, hurrying to his assistance, "did I not tell your worship to mind what you were about, for they were only windmills?"

"Hush, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "I think, and it is the truth, that some sage has turned

these giants into mills, in order to rob me of the glory of vanquishing them; but in the end his wicked arts will avail little against my good sword."

"Let Providence order it!" said Sancho Panza, and helping him to rise, got him up again on Rosinante.

Rosinante Meets with the Ponies

One day Don Quixote and his squire came to a halt beside a cool stream, there to pass the hours of the noontide heat. Turning Rosinante and the ass loose to feed on the grass, they opened their saddle-bags and made their repast on what they found there.

Sancho had not thought it worth while to hobble Rosinante. Chance, however, so ordained it that feeding in this valley there was a drove of Gallician ponies, belonging to certain carriers who were taking their midday rest near by. Rosinante, abandoning his usual gait and demeanor, got up a briskish little trot and hastened to them. They, however, received him with their heels and teeth to such effect that they soon broke his girths and left him without a saddle to cover him. The carriers, seeing the violence, came running up armed with stakes, and so belabored him that they brought him sorely battered to the ground.

By this time Don Quixote and Sancho, who had witnessed the drubbing of Rosinante, came up panting; and said Don Quixote to Sancho, "So far as I can see, friend Sancho, these are not knights but base folk of low birth. I mention it because thou canst lawfully

aid me in taking vengeance for the insult offered to Rosinante before our eyes."

"What vengeance can we take," answered Sancho, "if they are more than twenty, and we but two?"

"I count for a hundred," replied Don Quixote, and without more words he drew his sword and attacked the carriers, and incited and impelled by the example of his master, Sancho did the same. The carriers, seeing themselves assaulted by only two men, while they were so many, betook themselves to their stakes, and driving the two into the center they began to lay on with great zeal and energy. In fact, at the second blow they brought Sancho to the ground, and Don Quixote fared the same way, all his skill and high mettle availing him nothing. Then, seeing the mischief they had done, the carriers with all haste loaded their team and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers a sorry sight and in a sorrier mood.

Sancho, letting off thirty "ohs" and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty maledictions on whomsoever it was that had brought him there, raised himself and saddled his ass, who too had gone astray. He next fixed Don Quixote on the ass and secured Rosinante with a leading rein. Taking the ass by the halter, he proceeded in the direction in which it seemed to him the high road might be. He had not gone a short league when the road came in sight, and on it he perceived an inn, which to his annoyance and to the delight of Don Quixote must needs be a castle. Sancho

insisted that it was an inn, and his master that it was not one but a castle, and the dispute lasted so long that before the point was settled they had time to reach it, and into it Sancho entered with all his team, without any further controversy.

Don Quixote Attacks a Flock of Sheep

Don Quixote and his squire were once following the high road, when they perceived approaching them a large and thick cloud of dust. The knight turned to Sancho and said, "This is the day, O Sancho, on which I shall do deeds that shall remain written on the book of fame for all ages to come. Seest thou that cloud of dust which rises yonder? Well, then, all that is churned up by a vast army composed of various and countless nations that comes marching there."

"According to that there must be two," said Sancho, "for on this opposite side also there rises just such another cloud of dust."

Don Quixote turned to look and found that it was true, and rejoicing exceedingly, he concluded that there were two armies about to engage in battle on that broad plain. Now the clouds of dust he had seen were raised by two great droves of sheep coming along the same road in opposite directions, which, because of the dust, did not become visible until they drew near. But Don Quixote asserted so positively that they were armies that Sancho was led to believe it and say, "Well, and what are we to do, señor?"

"What?" said Don Quixote: "give aid and assistance to the weak and those who need it. Now let us withdraw to that hillock which rises yonder, whence both armies may be seen."

They did so, and placed themselves on a rising ground from which the two droves that Don Quixote made armies of might have been plainly seen, if the clouds of dust they raised had not blinded the sight.

"Dost thou not hear the neighing of the steeds, the braying of the trumpets, the roll of the drums?" asked the knight.

"I hear nothing but a great bleating of ewes and sheep," said Sancho; which was true, for by this time the two flocks had come close.

"The fear thou art in, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "prevents thee from seeing or hearing correctly. If thou art in such fear, withdraw to one side and leave me to myself, for alone I suffice to bring victory to that side to which I shall give my aid"; and so saying he gave Rosinante the spur, and, putting the lance at rest, shot down the slope like a thunderbolt.

Sancho shouted after him, crying, "Come back, Señor Don Quixote. I vow they are sheep and ewes you are charging! Come back! what madness is this! Look, there is no giant, nor knight, nor arms. What are you about? Sinner that I am!"

But not for all these entreaties did Don Quixote turn back. On the contrary, he dashed into the midst of the ewes, and began spearing them with as much spirit

as if he were attacking mortal enemies. The shepherds and drovers accompanying the flock shouted to him to desist, but, seeing it was no use, they ungirt their slings and began to salute his ears with stones as big as one's fist.

Don Quixote gave no heed to the stones, but, letting drive right and left, kept saying, "Where art thou, proud ruler? Come before me. I would fain prove thy prowess hand to hand, and make thee yield thy life a penalty for the wrong thou hast done."

Here came a sugar-plum from the brook that struck him in the side. Such was the force of the blow, that the poor knight in spite of himself came down backwards off his horse.

The shepherds ran up, and felt sure they had killed him; so in all haste they collected their flock, took up the dead beasts, of which there were more than seven, and made off without waiting to ascertain anything further.

All this time Sancho stood on the hill watching the crazy feats his master was performing. Seeing him then brought to the ground, and that the shepherds had taken themselves off, he came down the hill and ran to him and found him in very bad case, though not unconscious; and said he, "Did I not tell you to come back, Señor Don Quixote? And that what you were going to attack were not armies, but droves of sheep?"

Don Quixote now rose and laid hold of the bridle of Rosinante, who had never stirred from his master's

side — so loyal and well-behaved was he — and betook himself to where the squire stood in deep dejection.

"Thou must not distress thyself, friend Sancho," said he, "at the misfortunes which happen to me, since thou hast no share in them. And do thou lead on where thou wilt, for this time I leave the lodging to thy choice. Mount, friend, and lead the way, and I will follow thee at whatever pace thou wilt."

Sancho did as he bade him, and proceeded in the direction in which he thought he might find refuge without quitting the high road, which was there very much frequented.

The Enchanted Bark

Continuing, they had not been long on the way, when they discovered a small boat without oars or any other gear, that lay at the water's edge tied to the stem of a tree growing on the bank. Don Quixote looked all around, and seeing nobody, at once, without more ado, dismounted from Rosinante and bade Sancho get down from Dapple and tie both beasts securely to the trunk of a willow that stood there. Sancho asked the reason of this sudden dismounting and tying. Don Quixote made answer,

"Thou must know, Sancho, that this bark here is, plainly, calling and inviting me to enter it, and in it go to give aid to some other knight or other person of distinction, who is no doubt in some sore strait and in need of it."

"As that's the case," said Sancho, "there's nothing

for it but to obey, but for all that I want to warn your worship that it is my opinion this bark is no enchanted one, but belongs to some of the fishermen of the river."

As Sancho said this, he tied the beasts, leaving them to the care and protection of the enchanters.

"Now they are tied," said Sancho, "what are we to do next?"

"Embark," said Don Quixote, "and cut the moorings by which the bark is held"; and jumping into it, followed by Sancho, he cut the rope and the bark began to drift slowly from the bank.

They soon came in sight of some large water-mills, and the instant Don Quixote saw them he cried out to Sancho, "Seest thou there, my friend? There stands the city, castle, or fortress, where there is, no doubt, some knight in durance, or ill-used queen, in aid of whom I am brought hither."

"What is your worship talking about?" said Sancho; "don't you see that those are mills to grind corn?"

"Hold thy peace, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "though they look like mills they are not so. I have already told thee that enchantments transform things and change their proper shapes."

By this time the boat, having reached the middle of the stream, began to move less slowly than hitherto. The millers belonging to the mills, when they saw the boat coming down the river, and on the point of being sucked in by the wheels, ran out in haste, several of them, with long poles to stop it, and being all mealy,

with faces and garments covered with flour, they presented a sinister appearance. They raised loud shouts, crying, "Devils of men, where are you going to? Are you mad? Do you want to drown yourselves, or dash yourselves to pieces among these wheels?"

"Did I not tell thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote at this, "that we had reached the place where I am to show what the might of my arm can do? See what monsters oppose me. You shall soon see, scoundrels!" And then, standing up in the boat, he drew his sword and began making passes in the air at the millers, who, hearing but not understanding all this nonsense, strove to stop the boat, which was now getting into the rushing channel of the wheels.

Sancho fell on his knees, devoutly appealing to heaven to deliver him from such peril; which it did by the activity and quickness of the millers, who, pushing against the boat with their poles, stopped it; not, however, without upsetting it and throwing Don Quixote and Sancho into the water. And lucky it was for Don Quixote that he could swim like a goose, though the weight of his armor carried him twice to the bottom.

The millers plunged in and hoisted them both out, and more drenched than thirsty they were landed. The fishermen, the owners of the boat, which the mill-wheels had knocked to pieces, now came up, and seeing it smashed they proceeded to demand payment for it from Don Quixote. But he with great calmness, just as if nothing had happened to him, told the millers that

he would pay for the bark most cheerfully, on condition that they delivered up to him, free and unhurt, the person or persons that were in durance in that castle of theirs.

"What persons or what castle art thou talking of, madman?" said one of the millers; "art thou for carrying off the people who come to grind corn in these mills?"

"That's enough," said Don Quixote to himself. "In this adventure two mighty enchanters must have encountered one another, and one frustrates what the other attempts; one provided the bark for me, and the other upset me. I can do no more."

So saying, he settled with the fishermen, and paid fifty reals for the boat, which Sancho handed to them very much against the grain, saying, "With a couple more bark businesses like this we shall have sunk our whole capital."

The fishermen and the millers stood staring in amazement at the two figures, so very different in appearance from other men; and coming to the conclusion that they were madmen, they left them and betook themselves, the millers to their mills, and the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their beasts, and this was the end of the adventure of the enchanted bark.

These and many other strange things befell the don and his squire, as they journeyed through the world in search of knightly adventures.

HIAWATHA

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Hiawatha's Childhood

By the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,

Warriors with their plumes and war clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:

"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,

How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Hiawatha's Hunting

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin.
Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"
Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak tree, close beside him,

Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,

Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.
From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

Hiawatha's Sailing

"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,

That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily!
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquanenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,

Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Larch, with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.
"Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Fir Tree, tall and sombre,

Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,

HIAWATHA'S BIRCH CANOE

All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.

Hiawatha's Departure

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him, through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens
Level spread the lake before him;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.

With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exaltation,

As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.
Toward the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
As it falls and flecks an oak tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches.
Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of summer;
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
From the cornfields shrill and speechless
Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena.
Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow.
From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:
"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,

To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.
For the Master of Life has called me
To the land of light and morning!"
Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:
"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
For the Master of Life has called me
To the land of light and morning!"
On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"
And with speed it darted forward.
And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,

Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.
And they said, "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fenlands,
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!

THE HAPPY PRINCE[1]

OSCAR WILDE

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.

He was very much admired indeed. "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," remarked one of the Town Councilors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him unpractical, which he really was not.

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy," muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

"He looks just like an angel," said the charity children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks and their clean white pinafores.

"How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master. "You have never seen one."

"Ah! but we have in our dreams," answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and

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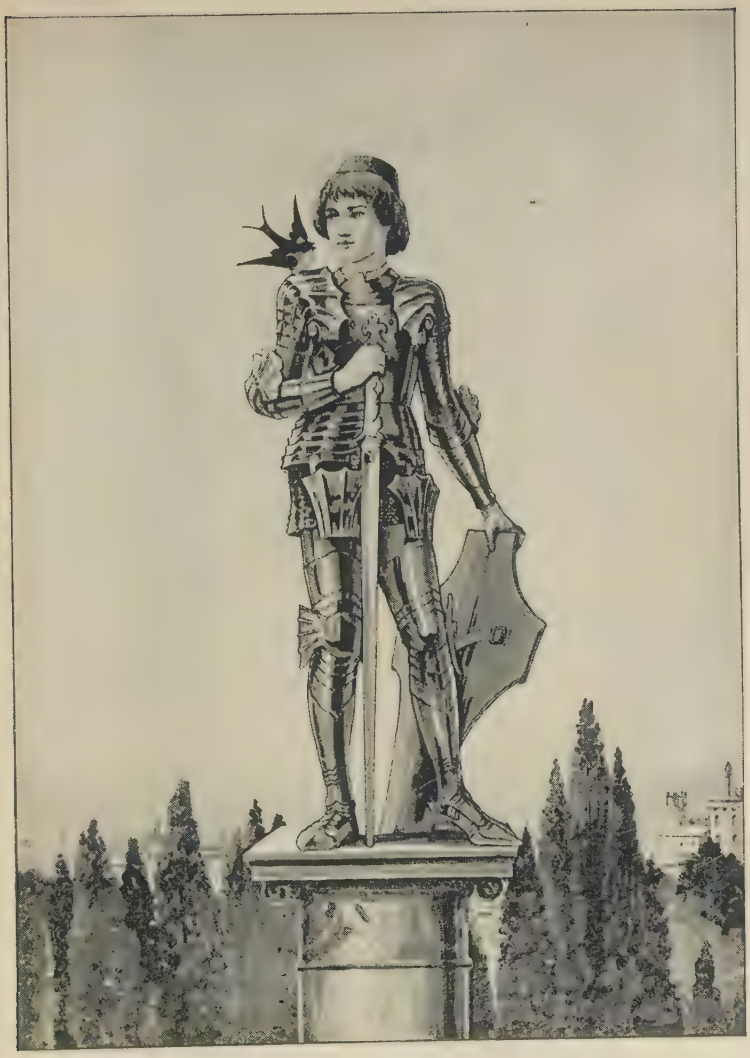

THE HAPPY PRINCE

looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind.

"Where shall I put up?" he said; "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue on the tall column. "I will put up there," he cried; "it is a fine position with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

"I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing!" he cried; "there is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful."

Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep tne rain off?" he said. "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw — Ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping then?" asked the Swallow; "you have quite drenched me."

"When I was alive and had a human heart," answered the statue, "I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime, I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot choose but weep."

"What, is he not solid gold?" said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

"Far away," continued the statue in a low musical voice, "far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honour to wear at the next Court ball.

In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move."

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow. "My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus flowers."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty and the mother so sad."

"I don't think I like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and, besides, I come of a family famous for its agility; but still, it was a mark of disrespect."

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. "It is very cold here," he said; "but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger."

"Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white

marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and saw two beautiful girls out on the balcony. "How wonderful the stars are," said one. "I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State ball," said the other; "I have ordered passion flowers to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy."

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen alseep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings.

"How cool I feel," said the boy; "I must be getting better," and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. "It is curious," he remarked, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

"That is because you have done a good action," said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. "What a remarkable phenomenon," said the Professor of Ornithology as he was passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Every one

quoted it, it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

"To-night I go to Egypt," said the Swallow, and he was in high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went sparrows chirruped, and said to each other, "What a distinguished stranger!" so he enjoyed himself very much.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "Have you any commissions for Egypt?" he cried. "I am just starting."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"I am waited for in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "To-morrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the God Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He

is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theater, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweler, and buy food and firewood, and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the Swallow, "I cannot do that;" and he began to weep.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye, and flew away to the student's garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird's wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

"I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried; "this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbor. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the

sailors hauling big chests out of the hold with ropes. "Heave ahoy!" they shouted as each chest came up. "I am going to Egypt!" cried the Swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I am come to bid you good-bye," he cried.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little match girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the Swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So he plucked out the Prince's other eye and darted

down with it. He swooped past the match girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl; and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

"I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the red ibises, who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile and catch goldfish in their beaks; of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels, and carry amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm tree, and has twenty priests to feed it with honey-cakes, and of the pygmies who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvelous things, but more marvelous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there."

So the Swallow flew over the great city, and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in one another's arms to try to keep themselves warm. "How hungry we are!" they said. "You must not lie here," shouted the watchman, and they wandered out into the rain. Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

"I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince; "you must take it off leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think that gold can make them happy."

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and gray. Leaf after leaf of the fine gold he brought to the poor, and the children's faces grew rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street. "We have bread now!" they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening; long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves of the houses, everybody went about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince; he loved him too well.

He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking, and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-bye, dear Prince!" he murmured. "Will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince, "you have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?"

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet. At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in company with the Town Councilors. As they passed the column he looked up at the statue. "Dear me! how shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said.

"How shabby indeed!" cried the Town Councilors, who always agreed with the Mayor, and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," said the Mayor; "in fact, he is little better than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councilors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor. "We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the Town Clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at the University.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace, and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."

"Of myself," said each of the Town Councilors, and they quarreled. When I last heard of them they were quarreling still.

"What a strange thing!" said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dust-heap where the dead Swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His angels; and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing forevermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."

DAVID AND GOLIATH

THE BIBLE

Now David was the son of Jesse. He had eight sons, and David was the youngest. The three eldest followed Saul, but David went to feed his father's sheep.

And Jesse said unto David his son, "Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren; and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare."

Now Saul, and they, and all the men of Israel, were in the valley of Elah, fighting with the Philistines.

And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and went as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the army and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, behold there came up the champion of the Philistines, Goliath by name, out of the armies of the Philistines. He had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and his height was six cubits and a span. And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them:

"Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? Am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants and serve us."

And the Philistine said, "I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together."

When Saul and all Israel heard these words of the Philistine, they were dismayed and greatly afraid.

And David said to Saul, "Let no man's heart fail because of him. Thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

And Saul said to David, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him; for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."

And David said unto Saul, "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me I caught him and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear, and this Philistine shall be as one of them."

David said moreover, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

And Saul said unto David, "Go, and the Lord be with thee."

Then David took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had; and his sling was in his hand, and he drew near to the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David. And when he saw David, he disdained him:

DAVID AND GOLIATH

for he was but a youth, and ruddy and of a fair countenance.

And the Philistine said unto David, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? Come to me, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

Then said David to the Philistine, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand: and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with the sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's and he will give you into our hands."

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slung it, and smote the Philistine in the forehead, that the stone sunk into the forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.

So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith.

And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

And the men of Israel arose and pursued the Philistines. And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put the armor in his tent. And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house. And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaved himself wisely.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

JOSEPH JACOBS

In the reign of King John there lived an Abbot of Canterbury who kept up grand state in his Abbey. A hundred of the Abbot's men dined each day with him, and fifty knights in velvet coats and gold chains waited upon him. Well, King John, as you know, was a very bad king, and he couldn't brook the idea of any one in his kingdom, however holy, being honored more than he. So he summoned the Abbot of Canterbury to his presence.

The Abbot came with a goodly retinue, with his fifty knights-at-arms in velvet cloaks and gold chains. The king went to meet him, and said to him: "How now, Father Abbot? I hear it of thee, thou keepest far greater state than I. This becomes not our royal dignity, and savors of treason in thee."

"My liege," quoth the Abbot, bending low, "I beg to say that all I spend has been freely given to the Abbey out of the piety of the folk. I trust your Grace will not take it ill that I spend for the Abbey's sake what is the Abbey's."

"Nay, proud prelate," answered the king, "all that is in this fair realm of England is our own, and thou hast no right to put me to shame by holding such state. However, of my clemency I will spare thee thy life and thy property if thou canst answer me but three questions."

"I will do so, my liege," said the Abbot, "so far as my poor wit can extend."

"Well, then," said the king, "first tell me where is the center of all the round world; then let me know how soon can I ride the whole world about; and, lastly, tell me what I think."

"Your Majesty jesteth," stammered the Abbot.

"Thou wilt find it no jest," said the king. "Unless thou canst answer me these questions three before a week is out, thy head will leave thy body," and he turned away.

Well, the Abbot rode off in fear and trembling, and first he went to Oxford to see if any learned doctor could tell him the answer to those questions three; but none could help him, and he went his way to Canterbury, sad and sorrowful, to take leave of his monks. But on the road he met his shepherd as he was going to the fold.

"Welcome home, Lord Abbot," quoth the shepherd; "what news from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, my shepherd," said the Abbot, and told him all that had happened.

"Now, cheer up, Sir Abbot," said the shepherd. "A fool may perhaps answer what a wise man knows not. I will go to London in your stead; grant me only your apparel and your retinue of knights. At the least I can die in your place."

"Nay, shepherd, not so," said the Abbot; "I must meet the danger in my own person. And as to that, thou canst not pass for me."

"But I can and I will, Sir Abbot. In a cowl, who will know me for what I am?"

So at last the Abbot consented, and sent him to London in his own most splendid array. He approached King John with all the Abbot's retinue, but dressed as a monk, and with his cowl over his face.

"Now welcome, Sir Abbot," said King John; "thou art prepared for thy doom, I see."

"I am ready to answer, your Majesty," said he.

"Well, then, question first: Where is the center of the round earth?" said the king.

"Here," said the shepherd Abbot, planting his crozier in the ground. "And your Majesty believe me not, go measure it and see."

"A merry answer and a shrewd," said the king; "so to question the second: How soon may I ride this round world about?"

"If your Majesty will graciously rise with the sun, and ride along with him until the next morning he rise, your Grace will surely have ridden it round."

"I did not think it could be done so soon," laughed King John. "But let that pass, and tell me question third and last, and that is: What do I think?"

"That is easy, your Grace," said he. "Your Majesty thinks I am my lord, the Abbot of Canterbury; but as you may see" — and here he raised his cowl — "I am but his poor shepherd, that am come to ask your pardon for him and for me."

Loud laughed the king. "Well caught! Thou hast more wit than thy lord, and thou shalt be Abbot in his place."

"Nay, that cannot be," quoth the shepherd; "I know not how to write nor to read."

"Well, then, four nobles a week thou shalt have for thy ready wit. And tell the Abbot that he has my pardon." And with that King John sent away the shepherd with a right royal present, besides his pension.

MAXIMILIAN AND THE GOOSE BOY

G. E. STARKS

Good King Maximilian of Bavaria was out walking in the country. It was a warm summer's day and the sun was exceedingly hot; so the king sat himself down under a tree to rest. It was very pleasant in the shade of the

tree, and the king took a little book out of his pocket and began to read.

But, try as he would, he could not keep his mind on his book, and after a while he gave it up and lay down to sleep. It was afternoon when he awakened, and catching up his cane he hurriedly set out for home. When he had walked a mile or so, he bethought himself of his book, and remembered having left it under the tree.

The king was tired, and did not care to walk back for the book. While he was debating what to do, he happened to see a barefooted boy in an open field by the road. He was watching a large flock of geese, and the king went eagerly toward him, taking a gold piece from his pocket as he did so.

"My boy," he called, "how would you like to have this money?"

"Right well," answered the lad.

"It is yours," said the king, "if you will but run back to the oak tree standing at the second turn of the road, and bring me the book I left there."

"Humph!" said the boy. "I am not so silly as you may think. Do you imagine that I will believe that you will give me that gold piece for running a mile to fetch a book?"

"Well," replied the king somewhat astonished, "I'll give it to you now," and he placed the money in the lad's hand.

The boy looked very eager, but he said, "Alas! I

cannot go, for if I do the geese will stray away and I shall have the blame."

"That is easily remedied," answered the king; "I will tend them."

Then how the boy did laugh, but the king was so earnest in his desire to care for them that at last the boy put his whip into the king's hands, saying, "Crack the whip."

The king tried his best, but he couldn't crack the whip. Then the goose boy showed him very patiently how it was done, and warning the king to crack it very hard if the geese attempted to run away, he started off on his errand.

Maximilian sat down on a stone, very much amused at having turned goose herder. But the geese missed their master, and with a great deal of cackling and hissing, they started across the meadow. The king jumped up from his comfortable seat, and went off in pursuit, but in spite of him they got away and ran into a vegetable garden near by where they at once began to enjoy the fresh vegetables.

Just then the boy returned with the book, and when he saw what had happened he exclaimed impatiently, "Just as I thought. You have let them get away."

"It is of no matter," said the king. "I will help you get them again."

"Very well!" almost snapped the boy; "you stand by the brook and I'll drive them out of the gardens" — which he immediately proceeded to do, with much

cracking of the whip and many shouts. When they were all safe in the meadow once more, Maximilian said contritely — and I dare say a little proudly too — "You really must pardon me for not being a better gooseherd. But I am a *king* and not used to such work!"

"A king, indeed!" replied the boy. "I was foolish to leave the geese with you, but not such a silly as to believe you are a king."

"All right, my little friend," answered the king, "here's another gold piece. You *are* my friend, aren't you?"

The boy took the money and as he thanked the giver he said, "Yes, I am your friend. You are a kind man and I think you might be a good king, but if you tried all your life you would never become a good gooseherd!"

A KING'S LESSON

WILLIAM MORRIS

It is told of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary — the Alfred the Great of his time and people — that he once heard that some of his peasants were overworked and underfed. So he sent for his Council, and bade come thereto also some of the mayors of the good towns, and some of the lords of land and their bailiffs, and asked them of the truth thereof. In diverse ways

they all told one and the same tale, how the peasant carles were stout and well able to work and had enough and to spare of meat and drink, seeing that they were but churls; and how if they worked not at the least as hard as they did, it would be ill for them and ill for their lords; for that the more the churl hath the more he asketh; and that when he knoweth wealth, he knoweth the lack of it also.

The King sat and said but little while they spake, but he misdoubted them that they were liars. So the Council brake up with nothing done; but the King took the matter to heart, being, as kings go, a just man, besides being more valiant than they mostly were, even in the old feudal time.

So within two or three days, says the tale, he called together such lords and councilors as he deemed fittest, and bade them busk for a ride; and when they were ready he and they set out, over rough and smooth, decked out in all the glory of attire which was the wont of those days. Thus they rode till they came to some village or thorpe of the peasant folk, and through it to the vineyards where men were working on the sunny southern slopes that went up from the river: my tale does not say whether that were Theiss, or Donau, or what river.

Well, I judge it was late spring or early summer, and the vines but just beginning to show their grapes; for the vintage is late in those lands, and some of the grapes are not gathered till the first frosts have touched

them, whereby the wine made from them is the stronger and sweeter. Anyhow there were the peasants, men and women, boys and young maidens, toiling and swinking; some hoeing between the vine-rows, some bearing baskets of dung up the steep slopes, some in one way, some in another, laboring for the fruit they should never eat, and the wine they should never drink.

Thereto turned the King and got off his horse and began to climb up the stony ridges of the vineyard, and his lords in like manner followed him, wondering in their hearts what was toward; but to the one who was following next after him he turned about and said with a smile: "Yea, lord, this is a new game we are playing to-day, and a new knowledge will come of it." And the lord smiled, but somewhat sourly.

As for the peasants, great was their fear of those gay and golden lords. I judge that they did not know the King, since it was little likely that any one of them had seen his face; and they knew of him but as the Great Father, the mighty warrior who kept the Turk from harrying their thorpe. Though, forsooth, little matter was it to any man there whether Turk or Magyar was their overlord, since to one master or another they had to pay the due tale of laboring days in the year, and hard was the livelihood that they earned for themselves on the days when they worked for themselves and their wives and children.

Well, belike they knew not the King; but amidst those rich lords they saw and knew their own lord,

and of him they were sore afraid. But nought it availed them to flee away from those strong men and strong horses — they who had been toiling from before the rising of the sun, and now it wanted little more than an hour of noon: besides, with the King and lords was a guard of crossbowmen, who were left the other side of the vineyard wall, — keen-eyed Italians of the mountains, straight shooters of the bolt. So the poor folk fled not; nay they made as if all this were none of their business, and went on with their work. For indeed each man said to himself, "If I be the one that is not slain, to-morrow I shall lack bread if I do not work my hardest to-day; and maybe I shall be headman if some of these be slain and I live."

Now comes the King amongst them and says: "Good fellows, which of you is the headman?"

Spake a man, sturdy and sunburnt, well on in years and grizzled: "I am the headman, lord."

"Give me thy hoe, then," says the King; "for now shall I order this matter myself, since these lords desire a new game, and are fain to work under me at vine-dressing. But do thou stand by me and set me right if I order them wrong: but the rest of you go play!"

The carle knew not what to think, and let the King stand with his hand stretched out, while he looked askance at his own lord and baron, who wagged his head at him grimly as one who says: "Do it, dog!"

Then the carle lets the hoe come into the King's hand; and the King falls to, and orders his lords for vine-dressing, to each his due share of the work: and whiles the carle said yea and whiles nay to his ordering. And then ye should have seen velvet cloaks cast off, and mantles of fine Flemish scarlet go to the dusty earth; as the lords and knights busked them to the work.

So they buckled to; and to most of them it seemed good game to play at vine-dressing. But one there was who, when his scarlet cloak was off, stood up in a doublet of glorious Persian web of gold and silk, such as men make not now, worth a hundred florins the ell. Unto him the King with no smile on his face gave the job of toing and froing up and down the hill with the biggest and the frailest dung-basket that there was; and thereat the silken lord screwed up a grin, that was sport to see, and all the lords laughed; and as he turned away he said, yet so that none heard him, "Do I serve this son's son of a villain that he should bid me carry dung?"

Well, they sped the work bravely for a while, and loud was the laughter as the hoes smote the earth and the flint stones tinkled and the cloud of dust rose up; the brocaded dung-bearer went up and down, swearing by the White God and the Black; and one would say to another, "See ye how gentle blood outgoes churls' blood, even when the gentle does the churl's work: these lazy loons smote but one stroke to our three."

But the King, who worked no worse than any, laughed not at all; and meanwhile the poor folk stood by, not daring to speak a word one to the other; for they were still sore afraid, not now of being slain on the spot, but this rather was in their hearts: "These great and strong lords and knights have come to see what work a man may do without dying: if we are to have yet more days added to our year's tale of lords' labor, then are we lost without remedy." And their hearts sank within them.

So sped the work; and the sun rose yet higher in the heavens, and it was noon and more. And now there was no more laughter among those toiling lords, and the strokes of the hoe and mattock came far slower, while the dung-bearer sat down at the bottom of the hill and looked out on the river; but the King yet worked on doggedly, so for shame the other lords yet kept at it. Till at last the next man to the King let his hoe drop with a clatter, and swore a great oath. Now he was a strong black-bearded man in the prime of life, a valiant captain of that famous Black Band that had so often rent the Turkish array; and the King loved him for his sturdy valor; so he says to him, "Is aught wrong, captain?"

"Nay, lord," says he, "ask the headman carle yonder what ails us."

"Headman," says the King, "what ails these strong knights? Have I ordered them wrongly?"

"Nay, but shirking ails them, lord," says he, "for

they are weary; and no wonder, for they have been playing hard, and are of gentle blood."

"Is that so, lords," says the King, "that ye are weary already?"

Then the rest hung their heads and said nought, all save that captain of war; and he said, being a bold man and no liar: "King, I see what thou wouldst be at; thou hast brought us here to preach us a sermon and to say sooth, so that I may swink no more, and go eat my dinner, now preach thy worst! Nay, if thou wilt be priest I will be thy deacon. Wilt thou that I ask this laboring carle a thing or two?"

"Yea," said the King. And there came, as it were, a cloud of thought over his face.

Then the captain straddled his legs and looked big, and said to the carle, "Good fellow, how long have we been working here?"

"Two hours or thereabout, judging by the sun above us," says he.

"And how much of thy work have we done in that while?" says the captain, and winks his eye at him withal.

"Lord," says the carle, grinning a little despite himself, "be not wroth with my word. In the first half-hour ye did five-and-forty minutes' work of ours, and in the next half-hour scant a thirty minutes' work, and the third half-hour a fifteen minutes' work, and in the fourth half-hour two minutes' work."

The grin now had faded from his face, but a gleam

came into his eyes as he said, "And now, as I suppose, your day's work is done, and ye will go to your dinner, and eat the sweet and drink the strong; and we shall eat a little rye bread, and then be working here till after the sun has set and the moon has begun to cast shadows.

"Now for you, I wot not how ye shall sleep nor where; but for us, while the stars yet shine, shall we be at it again, and bethink ye for what! I know not what game and play ye shall be devising for to-morrow as ye ride back home; but for us when we come back here to-morrow, it shall be as if there had been no yesterday and nothing done therein, and that work of that to-day shall be nought to us also, for we shall win no respite from our toil thereby, and the morrow of to-morrow will all be to begin again once more, and so on and on till no to-morrow abideth us. Therefore, if ye are thinking to lay some new tax or tale upon us, think twice of it, for we may not bear it. And all this I say with the less fear, because I perceive this man here beside me, in the black velvet jerkin and the gold chain on his neck, is the King; nor do I think he will slay me for my word since he hath so many a Turk before him and his mighty sword!"

Then said the captain, "Shall I smite the man, O King? or hath he preached thy sermon for thee?"

"Smite not, for he hath preached it," said the King. "Harken to the carle's sermon, lords and councilors of mine! Yet when another hath spoken our thought,

other thoughts are born therefrom, and now have I another sermon to preach; but I will refrain me as now. Let us down and to our dinner."

So they went, the King and his gentles, and sat down by the river under the rustle of the poplars, and they ate and drank and were merry. And the King bade bear up the broken meats to the vine-dressers, and a good draught of the archers' wine, and to the headman he gave a broad gold piece, and to each man three silver pennies. But when the poor folk had all that under their hands, it was to them as though the kingdom of heaven had come down to earth.

In the cool of the evening home rode the King and his lords. The King was distraught and silent; but at last the captain, who rode beside him, said to him, "Preach me now thine after-sermon, O King!"

"I think thou knowest it already," said the King, "else hadst thou not spoken in such wise to the carle; but tell me what is thy craft and the craft of all these, whereby ye live, as the potter by making pots, and so forth?"

Said the captain, "As the potter lives by making pots, so we live by robbing the poor."

Again said the King: "And my trade?"

Said he, "Thy trade is to be a king of such thieves, yet no worser than the rest."

The King laughed.

"Bear that in mind," said he, "and then shall I tell thee my thought while yonder carle spake. Carle,

I thought, were I thou or such as thou, then would I take in my hand a sword or a spear, or were it only a hedge-stake, and bid others do the like, and forth would we go; and since we would be so many, and with nought to lose save a miserable life, we would do battle and prevail, and make an end of the craft of kings and of lords and of usurers, and there should be but one craft in the world, to wit, to work merrily for ourselves and to live merrily thereby."

Said the captain, "This then is thy sermon. Who will heed it if thou preach it?"

Said the King, "They who will take the mad king and put him in a king's madhouse, therefore do I forbear to preach it. Yet it *shall* be preached."

"And not heeded," said the captain, "save by those who head and hang the setters forth of new things that are good for the world. Our trade is safe for many and many a generation."

And therewith they came to the King's palace, and they ate and drank and slept, and the world went on its ways.

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by:

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverent awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor, — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

LEND A HAND MOTTO

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in;
And lend a hand.

QUAKER MOTTO

I shall pass through this world but once.
If therefore there be any good thing that I can do,
Or any kindness that I can show
To any human being,
Let me do it now —
For I shall not pass this way again.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

FELICIA HEMANS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,

And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea:
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay! call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

THE KING OF GLORY

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts,
He is the King of glory.

(*From Psalm 24, Book of Psalms*)

WINTER

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sere,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light
The blue wood-louse, and the plump dormouse,
And the bees are stilled, and the flies are killed,
And you bite far into the heart of the house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the serer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

ALADDIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more.
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

THE COMING OF SPRING

NORA PERRY

There's something in the air
That's new and sweet and rare —
A scent of summer things,
A whir as if of wings.

There's something, too, that's new
In the color of the blue

That's in the morning sky,
Before the sun is high.

And though on plain and hill
'Tis winter, winter still,
There's something seems to say
That winter's had its day.

And all this changing tint,
This whispering stir and hint
Of bud and bloom and wing,
Is the coming of the spring.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
  Some one had blundered:

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,

Cannon behind them
  Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them —
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade —
  Noble six hundred!

DUTY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

DUTY

I must take my turn at the mill,
  I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
  Over and over again.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
Oh! be swift my soul to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

STUDY HELPS

THE CHILDREN'S SONG (*Page* 1)

This splendidly patriotic poem by Rudyard Kipling is a favorite among our young English cousins. It is memorized and recited in many of their schools. Mr. Kipling is an English writer who spent much of his life in India. He is best known to boys and girls through the Jungle Books and the Just-So Stories.

build . . . an undefilèd heritage (stanza 2), hand down to others a clean, pure nation [Pronounce undefilèd with four syllables. Why?]

walk uncowed by fear or favor of the crowd (stanza 5), have no fear of what others may think when we are in the right

Words for dictionary study: heritage, steadfastness, maimed.

1. Explain:

   "bear the yoke in youth" (stanza 3)

   "delight in simple things," "mirth that has no bitter springs" (next to last stanza)

2. Compare the first and last stanzas. What promise (pledge) is made in each?
3. What teacher is asked to help us? (stanza 2)
4. What are some of the lessons to be learned from this teacher?
5. Do you know patriotic Americans who cannot call America "land of my birth"? Why should such people pledge themselves to America?
6. What "land" did Mr. Kipling mean when he wrote the poem? What "land" do we mean when we repeat it?

FABLES

After reading the fables, state briefly (in one sentence if possible) the lesson or moral which each one teaches.

BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD (*Page* 2)

knight-errantry, traveling in search of adventures
goddess of Victory, Minerva
challenge, an invitation to fight a duel

fixing their spears in their rests. The end of a knight's spear was balanced in a rest as he charged.

Druid, a priest of an old religion

Words for dictionary study: inscription, sarcastic, balsam.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE MILK (*Page* 5)

Words for dictionary study: comparison, comprehend.

THE NAIL (*Page* 6)

Compare this fable with the following:

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost. For want of a shoe, the horse was lost. For want of a horse, the rider was lost. For want of a rider, the battle was lost. For want of the battle, a kingdom was lost. And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.— *Old Proverb.*

WHANG, THE MILLER (*Page* 7)

Words and phrases for dictionary study: avaricious, frugality, at intervals, contemplate, acquisitions, the two succeeding nights, veracity, mattock, undermine.

Compare this fable with "The Treasure in the Orchard" by Charles Reade (Kendall Third Reader, page 204). How do the endings differ?

CLUTCH AND KIND (*Page* 10)

cottages thatched with heath, having roofs made of heath, an English shrub

covered with purple bloom, heath in blossom

at shearing time. What season of the year?

Words and phrases for dictionary study: profit, covetous, debate, ewes, at the folding time, divert his mind, a stream hard by.

1. Explain the cowardice of Clutch.
2. How do the names of the two brothers fit their dispositions?
3. Choose a suitable name for the old man of the hills, who decided their case.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER (*Page* 19)

Notice the outdoor pictures in this poem. It is full also of autumn colors and scents. On reading it, we know at once that the writer herself has had the experiences of the poem.

Words for dictionary study: vagrant, gentian, aftermaths.

1. What makes October weather seem "bright blue"?
2. Why is the bumblebee called "loud" and "thriftless"?
3. What "lovely wayside things" sow "white-winged seeds"?
4. Why do we "count like misers" the October days?
5. How are June and October compared?
6. What October experiences have you had like those mentioned in the poem? What different ones?
7. Read or repeat from memory other poems about autumn, such as:

"Autumn Fires," by Robert Louis Stevenson in *A Child's Garden of Verses*

"September," by Helen Hunt Jackson — Kendall Fourth Reader, page 124

"Goldenrod," "September," "October," by Frank Dempster Sherman in *Little-Folk Lyrics*

"Robin Redbreast," by William Allingham—Kendall Fourth Reader, page 281

THE PAPER MAKERS (*Page 21*)

If possible secure a deserted hornets' nest for study while reading this selection. The paper of the nest will be found to be streaked with various shades of red and brown, each little streak indicating the amount of material brought at once by a single wasp. Observe the six-sided cells.

Hornets are the largest species of wasp. They are sometimes called "yellow jackets."

"cane pomace from sorghum mills" (page 24), used to make molasses. Sorghum is a grain.

1. What facts are given which show the industry of wasps?
2. What facts that show their ingenuity? (cleverness)
3. Describe their method of making paper.
4. Describe the making of a hornets' nest. What is its use?
5. What should you say about the boy who observed the hornets?
6. What made this boy lose his fear of bald-faced hornets?
7. Of what value were the hornets to Mr. Stalker?
8. How do the queen hornets spend the winter? (page 26) What happens to the males and workers?
9. What other insects spend the winter as the queen hornet does? (hibernate). What animals hibernate?

THE SONG OF THE BEE (*Page 27*)

1. Read again "Bees" — Kendall Third Reader, page 181.
2. In what ways do bees resemble hornets?
3. What is the tax which bees "levy" or collect from flowers?
4. Name other poems and stories about bees.

THE LADYBIRD AND THE ANT (*Page 28*)

Words for dictionary study: damask (meaning a color), adjusted, haughty.

1. Read silently. Then give the story briefly in the language of prose.
2. Explain:

"sat in the rose's heart"
"a plainly dressed ant"
"curtains of damask"

3. Is this a fable? If so, what is the moral?

THE OLD MAN OF THE MEADOW (*Page 29*)

gizzard, the second stomach, in which the food is ground fine
migratory, going from one home to another as birds do

Why do people think that a grasshopper chews a cud like cows and sheep? (page 33)

THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT (*Page 33*)

A little practice is necessary before reading this poem aloud, because it contains so many made-up words.

"The Owl and the Pussy Cat," also by Edward Lear, may be read or repeated to the class by one of you; also his "Nonsense Alphabet" — Kendall Third Reader, page 171.

THE PROUD VEGETABLES (*Page 35*)

This was written about a Japanese garden. Notice the differences between it and an American garden.

daikon, a Japanese vegetable
castanets, a pair of wooden or ivory disks held in the palm of the hand and clapped together
vertigo, dizziness

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN (*Page* 38)

England eight hundred years ago, when Robin Hood was supposed to have lived, was covered with forests. It is said that a squirrel could hop from tree to tree across the entire country. A few roads ran through these forests, connecting the towns and cities. In the forests lived bands of law breakers or "outlaws," many of whom had done nothing worse than kill deer in the king's hunting grounds, for which the punishment was death. Robin Hood and his merry men were such outlaws. They made their home in Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham, where they lived a care-free life in the greenwood. They felt free to rob men of wealth who passed through the forest. But the poor people looked upon Robin and his band as friends and protectors, and many were the tales which were told of their boldness, their kindness, and their bravery.

HOW ROBIN BECAME AN OUTLAW (*Page* 38)

Abbot. Monks in the monasteries or abbeys were ruled by one of their number, who was called an Abbot.

Sheriff of Nottingham, a man chosen by the king to keep order

bows and arrows. At this time guns were never used. Englishmen were most skillful archers.

quarter-staff, a long staff held in the middle with one hand, and halfway between the middle and the end with the other (in quarters)

Saxons, Normans. The Normans had recently conquered the Saxons in war. Therefore all officers and men of power were Normans.

Words for dictionary study: warrant, assailants, reinforcements, calamity, yeoman.

1. Why was such injustice done to Robin Hood?
2. If a man of today were cheated of his inheritance, how could he get it back?
3. Was King Henry right or wrong in outlawing Robin and his rescuers?
4. What did Robin and his men have to give up when they went into the forest to live?

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN (*Page* 44)

Lincoln-green doublets, jackets of a bright green, sometimes called hunting green

fought on the defensive, did not attack (to fight on the *offensive*) but merely defended himself

parry the thrust, ward off the blow

1. Describe the life of the Merry Men.
2. How did they signal for help?
3. Cut a long stick and show how the quarter-staff was handled. (See also note under "How Robin Became an Outlaw.")

Words for dictionary study: trysting-place, boon.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE KING (*Page* 65)

Cœur de Lion, French for lion-hearted

Ranger of the Forest, the keeper of the forest employed by the king to keep order there

takes a toll, here meaning that he robbed them. Robin always robbed churchmen because the Abbot of Ramsey had robbed him of his inheritance.

sumpter-horses, pack horses

crozier, the staff of a bishop or abbot

a noble, 6½ shillings in English money, or about $1.60

Words and phrases for dictionary study: don the disguise, my liege, venison, sumptuous, stalwart, unjust and wicked oppressions, chary of their lives, confirmed the pardon.

1. What was the reason that the king wanted to see Robin Hood?
2. What two penalties did the Merry Men have to pay when they failed to hit the willow wand?
3. Why did Robin and the king like each other so well?
4. What qualities do we admire in Robin and his men?
5. What things mentioned in the story show that their manners and life were rough?
6. Which of Robin's adventures is your favorite? Can you tell why?

STORIES FROM INDIA

These stories are from the folk lore of India. One is written as a play, and the others, while in story form, may easily be dramatized.

TIT FOR TAT (*Page* 78)

jackal, a wild animal somewhat like a dog, noted for being clever, sly, and cunning

What does "Tit for Tat" mean?

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT (*Page* 80)

This story has been put into rhyme by an American humorous writer, John Godfrey Saxe.

Indostan (Hindostan) is a part of India.

Explain the last two lines of the poem.

THE BRAHMAN, THE TIGER, AND THE SIX JUDGES (*Page* 83)

Brahman, a member of a Hindu sect

banyan tree, an Indian tree. Its branches send out roots into the air, which grow down into the soil and form additional trunks. Often one tree would shelter thousands of people.

THE QUAILS (*Page* 88)

1. What idea is there in this story which might help a class meeting; a club; a baseball team?
2. What fables of Æsop contain the same idea?
3. Copy and learn:

"In union there is strength."

"United we stand,
Divided we fall."

CHRISTMAS

The first of the two selections makes one feel the jollity of Christmas, and the second the Christmas spirit of giving.

OLD CHRISTMAS (*Page* 100)

carle, a man, a fellow

crownèd (two syllables)

ANECDOTES TOLD BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (*Page* 108)

By some people Benjamin Franklin is thought to be our greatest American. This is because of his ability in many lines. He was a scientist, making many discoveries about electricity. He was a naturalist and has given us interesting accounts of insects and animals. He was an inventor; a writer of ability; a keen, shrewd business man; a fine public speaker; a Member of Congress; and a man of great influence

both in America and abroad, especially during and after the Revolutionary War.

These anecdotes are interesting and humorous. Each hides a homely little lesson for the reader to think about and remember. With the exception of the second anecdote, all were written in Franklin's letters to his friends. "The Whistle" is from his Autobiography.

THE FOOLISH SERVANT AND THE HARROW (*Page* 108)

harrow, made of heavy iron and used to rake ground after plowing
Samson, a man noted for his great strength

CARRYING THE HEAD HIGH (*Page* 109)

Cotton Mather was a famous Boston preacher of Colonial days.

THE DELUSIVE GREEN MEADOW (*Page* 110)

delusive, not what it seemed
amendment, improvement, doing better

AN AX TO GRIND (*Page* 111)

accosted, addressed
a new ax, therefore harder to grind
you'll rue it, you'll be sorry

1. What is meant when we say that some one "has an ax to grind"?
2. Why should we beware of flatterers?

ALFRED THE GREAT (*Page* 113)

Learn to pronounce:

Ethelwulf, ĕth′ ĕl wo͝olf
Osburga, ŏz bûr′ gȧ
Guthrum, gŭth′ rŭm
Thames, tĕmz

Words and phrases for dictionary study: with great diligence, dispersed, disguise himself.

going on pilgrimages, journeys to some sacred place. In Alfred's time it was common to do this.

the Thames, an English river on which London is situated

partial judges. What kind of judges would they be?

1. How many centuries ago did Alfred live? (last paragraph)
2. From what country did the Danes come? How did they get to England?

3. Why did the Danes prize their raven flag? (page 115)

4. Name the three anecdotes of King Alfred which are given. What quality in Alfred's character does each one bring out?

5. What were some of Alfred's peace-time acts?

6. Describe his method of dividing his time. What invention came from it?

7. Why is he called "Alfred the Great" and "the good Saxon king"?

OLD WINTER (*Page* 119)

We feel here the strength and power of the cold. Notice that the words of the poem are harsh, as we pronounce them.

Read the two stanzas which speak of winter noises.

FROST–WORK (*Page* 120)

arabesques, elaborate designs such as were made by the Arabs

1. Explain "flat and cold."

2. What colors are argent, azure, damask, emerald?

3. There are two pictures here. In what ways do they differ?

Read with these the winter poem by Tennyson on page 283.

THE LITTLE POST–BOY (*Page* 121)

Learn to pronounce:

Umeå, ū mē′å

Lars, lärz

Axel, ăk′ s·l

Norrlander, nôr′ lănd ēr

aurora, meaning the aurora borealis or northern lights. They are very brilliant in the far north.

"although I had been nearly all over the world." Bayard Taylor spent his life in traveling and writing. "Boys of Long Ago," from which this story is taken, is one of his most interesting books.

post stations, stations where horses are kept for relays. Does not mean post offices.

Phrases for dictionary study: the snow blew incessantly, extricate myself, entirely excluded, no connection between our remarks.

1. Describe the manner of traveling in the northern part of Sweden. (page 122)

2. How did Lars dress in order to keep warm?

3. Describe the Norrlander way of keeping warm when spending a winter night in the open.

4. What is the "lesson" referred to in the next to last paragraph?

A PAGE OF RIDDLES (*Page* 131)

1. Which riddles are new to you?
2. Are there any which you do not understand?
3. Give other riddles — those heard elsewhere and original ones.
4. Can a riddle usually be guessed?

STORIES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

The origin of "The Arabian Nights" or "The Thousand and One Nights" is said to be this:

There was once a wicked Sultan of Persia who had many wives. And whatever new wife he married one day, he killed upon the next.

At last the vizier's (*vĭz′ yẽr*) daughter, Scherazade (*shĕ hā rā zā′ dĕ*), was commanded to be his wife. She was a skillful story teller, and so entertained her lord in this way that night after night he put off her death. At last, when a thousand and one nights had passed and the tales were all told, he vowed not to kill her at all on condition that she would tell the stories over again as often as he desired to hear them. And the stories that she told are the stories which we know as "The Arabian Nights."

ALI BABA, OR THE FORTY THIEVES (*Page* 132)

Ali Baba, ä lē bä′ bä
Sesame, sĕs′ *ȧ mė* (a kind of grain)
Cade, cā′ dĭ (the judge of a village)
Morgiana, môr jĭ ā′ nȧ
Mustapha, mŭs tăf′ *ȧ*
Cogia Hassan, cō jĭ *ȧ* hăs′ săn
Abdalla, ăb dăl′ lȧ

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP (*Page* 150)

Aladdin, ȧ lăd′ ĭn **Badroulbadour,** bȧd rūl′ bä dōr **Genie,** jē′ nĭ

1. There are four main divisions to this story. Give a title for each one.

2. In what country is the scene laid?

3. We use stories in many ways. "Aladdin" may be acted, or used as a puppet play with a toy theater. In puppet plays, the theater is

like a coverless box with one side open, and the actors are painted dolls which are moved back and forth by people, who also speak their "lines."

4. Read and learn the poem "Aladdin" by James Russell Lowell on page 284. Study the notes on page 310.

5. *Modern Magic.* Name and describe some of the modern wonders which the great Genii Steam and Electricity have given to the world. Write a composition about "Modern Magic," using in it some of the words found in "Aladdin," such as: magic, magician, slave, genie and genii, powerful, enchantment.

ABOUT ABRAHAM LINCOLN (*Page* 171)

The Fifth Reader contains stories of Knighthood and Chivalry. No better example of a modern "knight" can be found than the great American gentleman, Abraham Lincoln.

In connection with this section, read over again the Anecdotes of Lincoln found in the Kendall Third Reader, pages 140–148.

LINCOLN AT SCHOOL (*Page* 171)

split log puncheon (pŭn′ chŭn), half of a log, smoothed on one side

Give a synonym (another word which means the same) for:

scanty ungainly grotesque

1. What is a "man of affairs"?
2. What lessons did Lincoln learn from his three schoolteachers?
3. Write from memory two anecdotes of Lincoln.

WORDS OF LINCOLN (*Page* 173)

Each of these sentences is taken from some speech or writing of Lincoln. The last one is from the address which he made the second time he was inaugurated as president (called the Second Inaugural Address) in March, 1865, only a few weeks before his assassination by John Wilkes Booth.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS (*Page* 176)

Lincoln's brief speech has been called "one of the few masterpieces of world oratory." He is said to have written it on the back of an old envelope, as he rode in the train to the Dedication.

"Mr. President," Edward Everett remarked to Lincoln after he had finished the speech, "I should flatter myself if I had come as near the central thought of this occasion in two hours as you have in two minutes."

1. Where is Gettysburg?
2. Explain the first paragraph.
3. Explain the meaning of "dedicate," "consecrate," "hallow."
4. In what sense was the field already "dedicated"?
5. What is "the last full measure of devotion" on the part of a soldier?
6. What "unfinished work" remained for the living?
7. Those who feel a desire to do so, are urged to memorize the Gettysburg Address.

TRIBUTES TO LINCOLN (*Page* 177)

tribute, praise which is deserved

Republicans, those who live in a republic. Here it does not refer to a political party.

foreseeing, able to look ahead

sagacious, wise

"New birth of our new soil, the first American." Lowell means here that Abraham Lincoln was a new type of great man — one who belonged to America where a humble man can take the highest position of all, that of president. This was not so in most other countries.

1. Why is Lincoln's place not among the warlike kings of history?
2. What different traits and qualities are given to Lincoln in these tributes?

LETTERS WRITTEN TO CHILDREN BY FAMOUS MEN (*Page* 178)

1. What do you know about each of these four "famous men"?
2. Does reading their letters make you feel better acquainted with them?
3. Why do you suppose that the children kept these letters?

LETTER FROM LONGFELLOW (*Page* 181)

Allegra, ăl lā′ *grȧ*

nankeen, a buff or yellow color. Named from an ugly yellow cotton cloth which comes from China.

LETTER FROM JOHN MUIR (*Page* 182)

Mr. Muir's "dear little friend Charles" is Charles W. Moores, a well-known writer on Abraham Lincoln. "Lincoln at School" on page 171 of this Reader is taken from "The Life of Lincoln for Boys and Girls," which he wrote.

KING ARTHUR AND THE ROUND TABLE (*Page* 184)

The story of King Arthur and his knights is a hero legend of early England. For hundreds of years it was told and sung by minstrels in many lands. Later it was written down and printed — until now King Arthur, Queen Guinevere, Launcelot, Galahad, and many other knightly names, have become as real to us as are great historical characters like King Alfred, Joan of Arc, or George Washington.

Study these names before reading the story:

Astolat (ăs′ tō lăt), the home of Elaine and her brothers, Sir Lavaine and Sir Torre

Avalon (ăv′ a lŏn), the Land of the Blessed, to which great heroes were carried at death

Bedivere (bĕd′ i vēr), one of Arthur's knights

Bellicent (bĕl′ i sĕnt), half-sister of Arthur, queen of a neighboring kingdom, and mother of Gareth and Modred

Bors (bōrz), nephew of Sir Launcelot

Cameliard (kăm′ ĕl yärd), the kingdom of King Leodogran

Camelot (kăm′ e lŏt), the fairy capital of Arthur's kingdom

Elaine (ē lān′), called the "lily maid of Astolat"

Excalibur (ex kăl′ i ber), the sword of Arthur, presented to him by the Lady of the Lake

Galahad (găl′ a hăd), the son of Sir Launcelot, and purest of all the knights

Gareth (gā′ rĕth), one of the knights, Arthur's nephew

Guinevere (gwĭn′ e vēr), the Queen

Sir Hector, Sir Kay, the knight who brought Arthur up, and his son

Launcelot (län′ sē lŏt), the strongest and bravest of the knights of the Round Table

Lavaine (lä vān′), older brother of Elaine

Leodogran (lē′ ō dō grăn), the father of Queen Guinevere

Lot, a neighboring king, husband of Bellicent

Lynette (lĭn ĕt′)
Lyonors (lī′ ō nōrz) } two sisters

Merlin (mẽr′ lĭn), a famous magician
Modred (mō′ drĕd), the traitor among the knights
Perceval, one of Arthur's knights
Ryence (rī′ ĕns), a cruel king, one of Arthur's enemies
Torre (tōr), younger brother of Elaine
Uther (ū′ ther), the father of King Arthur

Archbishop of Canterbury, the highest church officer of England
Twelfth Day, the twelfth day after Christmas
Feast of Pentecost, the seventh Sunday after Easter, called also Whitsunday
Holy Grail. The legend says that it was the cup from which Christ drank wine at the Last Supper. It was later brought to England. When approached by any one who was not pure and good, it vanished from sight.

Words and phrases for dictionary study: portcullis, rampart, postern gate, foster-brother, tilt with lances, joust, lists, archbishop, scabbard, hilt, valiant, palfrey, samite.

1. Describe Arthur's education as a page. As a squire.
2. Repeat the pledge taken by the Knights of the Round Table. (page 196)
3. Select twenty or more words which refer to the days of knighthood, and explain them. (Examples: tournament, lists, tilt, joust.)
4. What present-day organizations of boys and girls have the same ideals as those of King Arthur and his Knights?

THE TREE (*Page 214*)

Björnstjerne Björnson (*byûrn′stērn byûrn′sŭn*), one of the greatest Scandinavian poets. This fine Arbor Day poem was written in the Norwegian language, and has been translated into English.

1. Why did the tree tremble "from rootlet to crown," and why did his leaflets hang "quivering"?
2. Why was the tree willing to have the girl gather the berries?
3. What is the purpose of buds and blossoms?
4. Read again the following tree poems in the Kendall Fourth Reader: "A Riddle," page 249; "Planting a Tree," page 250; "What Do We Plant?" page 250.
5. Name any other tree poem that you know.

SQUIRRELS AT WALDEN (*Page 214*)

Henry D. Thoreau was one of our greatest American naturalists. We all believe in close study and observation of the wild things of nature. Thoreau believed this, too, and built a little cottage in Walden Woods near his home at Concord, Massachusetts, where he lived for two years studying the animals, the birds, and the trees.

winding the clock. Squirrels, as they chatter, often make swift movements with their paws which are like the motion of winding a clock.

grew more dainty. What was the reason?

Words and phrases for dictionary study: coursing, maneuvers, warily, a ludicrous expression, zigzag course.

Choose synonyms for: purpose, warily, impudent, entertainment, ludicrous, pauses.

THE CLOUD (*Page 216*)

1. Who is the "I" of the poem?
2. Explain the first two lines.
3. How does hail "whiten the green plains under"?
4. Name the five things mentioned which "I," or the cloud, does.
5. Read the poem aloud, changing your voice as the idea changes.

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING (*Page 217*)

hoary. What color?

subtle (sŭt′ l), rare and delicate

1. Explain "pink cascades are falling."
2. Why are "silver brooklets brawling in the spring"?
3. What is the "wealth of promised glory" of an apple tree?
4. In what way is the idea of this poem like that of "The Tree" (page 214)?

DON QUIXOTE (*Page 218*)

Don Quixote the Knight, and Sancho Panza his Squire, are two of the most famous characters of fiction. The book "Don Quixote" was written in Spanish some three hundred years ago. It has been translated into many languages. From *Don Quixote* comes our word quixotic (*quĭx ŏt′ ĭc*), meaning having extravagant ideas of honor.

Learn to pronounce:

Miguel de Cervantes, mĭg′ ū ĕl dē sĕr văn′ tēz
Don Quixote, dŏn quĭx′ ōt
La Mancha, măn′ chȧ
Quixada, quĭx ä′ dȧ
Rosinante, rō sĭ năn′ tĭ
Toboso, tō bō′ zō
Dulcinea, dŭl sĭn′ ē ȧ (from a word meaning sweet)
Sancho Panza, săng kō păn′ zȧ
Briareus, brī ā′ rē ŭs (a monster with a hundred arms)

Words and phrases for dictionary study: hobby, redressing, demolished, sonorous, furbished, incited and impelled, high mettle, asserted so positively, suffice, to desist, ungirt their slings, prowess, knight in durance, a sinister appearance.

hobble, to tie the legs together
señor (sēn′ yōr), a gentleman. Used as a title like *Mr.* in English.
fifty reals. A real is a small Spanish silver coin.

1. What was Don Quixote's constant desire?
2. Why did he fail to accomplish it?
3. What is the difference between the way Don Quixote and Sancho Panza looked at things when in difficulty?
4. Which man do we admire more?
5. If possible, get a copy of "Don Quixote" and read "The Adventure of Mambrino's Helmet," "The Adventure of the Caged Lion," and other adventures not given in the Reader.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA (*Page 232*)

The great "knight" of the American Indians, their bravest and wisest man, was Hiawatha, of the Ojibway tribe. Like good King Arthur, he was the hero and leader of his people, and like him also he vanished at death into the Blessed Land of the Hereafter.

Longfellow, in his beautiful poem, a part of which is given here, tells us the Indian legend of Hiawatha.

"How Hiawatha Brought Corn to his People," as a gift from the Great Spirit, is told in the Kendall Third Reader, page 60. It is also told in another part of Longfellow's "Song."

The Story

Hiawatha's Childhood. The little Hiawatha is brought up in the forest by his grandmother Nokomis. She teaches him many things. In the forest he becomes friendly with every bird and beast.

Hiawatha's Hunting. Hiawatha shows his growth to manhood by going alone into the forest and shooting a red deer.

Hiawatha's Sailing. From the birch tree, Hiawatha takes bark for his canoe; the cedar gives boughs for a framework; the larch tree gives roots to bind it together; the fir tree, resin to keep out water; and the hedgehog, quills for its ornament.

Hiawatha's Departure. Hiawatha, his work done, goes to Ponemah, the Land of the Hereafter.

Pronunciation and meaning of all the Indian words used in "The Song of Hiawatha":

Adjidaumo (ăd jĭ dą′ mō), the red squirrel
Ahmo (ȧ′ mō), the bee
Cheemaun (chē mąn′), a birch canoe
Dacotahs (dȧ cō′ tȧz), a tribe of Indians
Ewa-yea (ē wą yā′), lullaby
Geezis (gē′ zĭz), the sun
Gitchee Gumee (gĭch ē gōō′ mē), the Big-Sea-Water, or Lake Superior
Hiawatha (hē ȧ wä′ thȧ), the Wise Man, the Teacher
Iagoo (ē ä′ gōō), a great boaster and story-teller
Ishkoodah (ĭsh kōō dä′), a comet
Kagh (käg), the hedgehog
Keewaydin (kē wā′ dĭn), the Northwest Wind
Mahn-go-taysee (män gō tā′ sē) lion-hearted, brave
Minne-wawa (mĭn nē wą′ wą), the murmuring of the wind in the trees
Mudway-aushka (mŭd wā ăsh′ kȧ), the sound of lapping water
Nokomis (nō kō′ mĭs), grandmother of Hiawatha
Opechee (ō pē′ chē), the robin
Owaissa (ō wā′ sȧ), the bluebird
Pah-puk-keena (pą pŭk kē′ nȧ), the grasshopper
Ponemah (pō nē′ mȧ), the Land of the Hereafter
Shuh-shuh-gah (shōō shōō′ gā), the blue heron
Soan-ge-taha (sōn gē tȧ′ hȧ), stronghearted
Taquamenaw (tȧ quȧ mē′nä), a river in Michigan
Wabasso (wą băs′ sō), the rabbit
Wah-wah-taysee (wą wą tā′ sē), the firefly

" the Death Dance of the Spirits," Northern lights
" the broad white road in heaven," the Milky Way
Moon of Leaves, the Moon, or month, of May
" the tree he girdled," cut all the way around it
fenlands, marshy, wet land

1. Every boy and girl should learn a part of "The Song of Hiawatha," preferably one or more paragraphs from "Hiawatha's Childhood." The rhythm, and the story running through the verses, make them easy to memorize. "Hiawatha's Childhood" is divided into nine paragraphs (shown by indented first lines).

2. Try to make melodies for Nokomis's two songs:

"Ewa-yea! my Little Owlet!" and
"Wah-wah-taysee, Little Firefly."

3. Select and read to the class parts of the poem which seem to you particularly musical.

4. Do the lines of the poem rhyme?

5. What other poems by Longfellow have you read or learned by heart?

THE HAPPY PRINCE (*Page 246*)

Professor of Ornithology, a bird student
the Second Cataract, in the Nile River
the God Memnon, a large Egyptian statue
Sphinx (sfinx, *not* spinx), another large Egyptian statue. It has a woman's head and a lion's body.

Words for dictionary study: cataract, agility, phenomenon, commissions, green beryls, ibises, pygmies.

1. How did the goodness of the Happy Prince change the Swallow's heart?

2. Why is he called the *Happy* Prince?

3. In what way is this story like a myth or fable?

DAVID AND GOLIATH (*Page 259*)

Some 3000 years ago, there lived in the hills of Asia, in Palestine, not far from the Mediterranean Sea, a young shepherd who became one of the great kings of history. This was David, who for forty years ruled at Jerusalem over the Israelite nation.

Jesse (jĕs′ ê)
Elah (ē′ lä)
Philistines (fĭ lĭs′ tĭnz), enemies of the Israelites
Goliath (gō lī′ ăth), champion of the Philistines
Jerusalem (jĕ rū′ sa lem), the holy city of the Israelites

ephah (ē′ fȧ), about two pounds

cubit (cū′ bit), the distance from the elbow to the end of the longest finger, about 1½ feet

span, the distance from tip of little finger to tip of thumb when the hand is stretched or spanned; a half cubit

1. What things in the story tell us that these people lived long ago?
2. What was the height of Goliath?
3. Describe his appearance.
4. Do we have any giants to kill nowadays?
5. Where is the whole story of David to be found?

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY
(*Page* 263)

King John is said to have been England's worst king. He was brother to Richard Cœur de Lion, who visited Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest.

Oxford, an English town where there is a great university

four nobles. See note on page **294**.

Words and phrases for dictionary study: goodly retinue, savors of treason, proud prelate, cowl.

1. What were King John's three questions?
2. What were the shepherd's answers?
3. Give some quaint expressions of the story.
4. Would "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury" make a good play? Why?

A KING'S LESSON (*Page* 269)

In the days when the events of this story occurred, kings and lords believed that working with the hands was fit only for the poor. The peasants were practically slaves.

"our year's tale of lord's labor." Each peasant paid his rent by working so many days in the year for his "lord" or landlord.

Theiss, Donau, rivers of Hungary

1. What was the king's lesson?
2. Did the lords and councilors need this lesson?
3. Do we of today need the same lesson?
4. Select some of the quaint and uncommon words and find out what they mean (as, churl, swinking).

THE FLAG GOES BY (*Page* 279)

Hats off! What feeling prompts this action when the flag goes by?
ruffle of drums, a low beat
the steel-tipped ordered lines. Who were marching with the flag?
reverent awe, a deep and silent respect shown to the flag
to ward her people from foreign wrong, guard them from attacks by other nations

1. Explain the last line of stanza 2 by reading stanzas 3 and 4.
2. What is the flag called in the first line of stanza 5?
3. What line in the last stanza expresses our feeling when the flag passes?
4. Read again "A Song for Flag Day"—Kendall Fourth Reader, page 4.
5. Name some other flag poems. Compare them with this one.
6. Give the flag salute.
7. When is Flag Day? Why was that day chosen? (See Kendall Fourth Reader, page 289.)

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS (*Page* 280)

The arrival of the *Mayflower* on the "stern and rock-bound coast" of Massachusetts ("the wild New England shore") four days before Christmas in the year 1620 is too well-known to need description.

moored their bark. What was its name?
Not as the flying come, those who run away
men with hoary hair, white-haired men

Words for dictionary study: exiles, anthem, shrine.

1. Tell what you know about that "band of exiles," the Pilgrims.
2. What different kinds of persons composed that "pilgrim band"?
3. Why did they come? (next to last stanza)
4. For what three things did they *not* come? (next to last stanza)
5. Why call the soil where they landed "holy ground"?
6. Explain the last two lines.

THE KING OF GLORY (*Page* 282)

The psalms are the old Hebrew hymns. Psalm 24 tells in poetic language how the gates of Zion open for the King of Glory to enter.

ALADDIN (*Page* 283)

1. What are "castles in Spain" or air castles?
2. Why did the rich man lose his magic lamp?

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (*Page* 285)

During the Crimean War, when the English and French were fighting against the Russians, a great battle was raging, the Battle of Balaclava. Through a mistaken command, an English "Light Brigade" of 600 cavalrymen was ordered to charge "into the jaws of Death, into the mouth of Hell," directly toward the Russian guns. When the heroic story of their charge reached England, Tennyson wrote his famous poem. It imitates in its rhythm the galloping rush of the brigade and the thunder of the guns.

1. "half a league." How far away was the enemy?
2. Read lines in the second stanza which teach that the first duty of a soldier is to obey.
3. Read lines which suggest galloping horses.
4. Read lines which suggest the thunder of cannon.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC (*Page* 288)

This magnificent war hymn was written near the beginning of our Civil War.

1. What feeling does the Battle Hymn inspire in us?
2. Is it a good marching song?
3. Read lines in stanza 2 which refer to an army camp.
4. Explain: "the grapes of wrath," "the trumpet that shall never call retreat," "let us die to make men free."
5. Who is meant by *He*, *Him*, and *His* when written with capitals?
6. How does the poem apply to the World War?
7. Do you feel that the Battle Hymn should still be sung? Why?